Practical RHETORICK.

OR,

Certain little SENTENCES varied according to the *Rules* prescribed by ERASMUS, in his most Excellent Book

De Copia Verborum & Rerum.

Wherein Children may be Exercised, when they first begin to Translate *Latin*, with many Advantages, as will appear by the ensuing Epistle.

Framed first for the use of a *Private School*, kept in the House of Mr. *Francis Atkinson*: and now commended to the use of all *SCHOOLS*.

By *Joshua Pool*, Mr. of Arts.

—*Inopem me copia fecit.*

London, Printed for *T. Johnson*, at the *Golden Key* in *Pauls* Church yard, 1663.

Imprimatur, *Jun.*6. 1663.

M. Franck. *S.T.P.*
R. in X° *Patri* D°
Ep°. *Lond. à Sac.*
Dom.

D.D. WILLIAMS'S LIBRARY
RED CROSS STREET
LONDON.

BENEVOLO *LECTORI* SALUTEM.

Candidiſſime Lector,

CUM præſtantiſſimum illum, & verè aureum *Eraſmi*, *de Copia Verborum & Rerum*, libellum ſeriò perlegeram, intentioreq; animi acie conſiderarem, quàm multiplex ejus eſſet uſus, & quam immenſus indè fru-

ctus percipi poſſet, cùm ad vitandam ingratam ejuſdem verbi & Sermonis iterationem, tum ad diſtinguendam varietate quâdam orationem; nec-non ad ſubitam ex tempore dicendi ſcribendique facultatem; ad Authores alios enarrandos, vel ex alieno Sermone vertendos; ad rem Poeticam, carmenque ſcribendum, nè plura confecter, quæ ſunt penè infinita; de Sententiis quibuſdam breviuſculis juxta præſcriptas formas (quantùm res pateretur) variandis cogitare cœpi: quibus in transferendis, cùm primùm

Latinè

Latinè vertere incipiant, exerceantur pueri, undè non ſolùm Verborum Rerumque copiam, præſtantiſſimam *Grammaticæ Rhetoricæque* Scientiæ partem, incauti imbibant; ſed & ad omne genus loquendi formas, Affirmativas, Negativas, Interrogativas, Admirativas, & quæ ſunt aliæ multæ, ſtylum ſuum à teneris attemperare, conſueſcant. Neque id ſolùm, ſed & omne genus Notis, Commate, Colo, Semicolo, Periodo, Interrogationis, Admirationis, *&c.* orationem diſtinguere obiter doceantur, univerſas

ferè *Rhetoricæ* Figuras in quavis ſententiâ variandâ cum fructu percurrant; & denique ad exercitia omnia, maximè quæ Scholis uſitatiora, *Sænſim ſine ſenſu* feliciter præparentur.

Privato certè uſui deſtinatus hic erat libellus, Sed, prolixi in tranſcribendo evitandi tœdii, communiſque puerorum ſtudii promovendi causâ, jam publici juris factum, Scholarum omnium uſui commendare non reformido, ut adprimè utilem, ſi non & neceſſarium. Et, ſi maturioris Judicii pueri, Sententias aliquas, *Marte* proprio, ad

hæc

hæc aut ejuſmodi exempla, linguâ nunc *Latinâ*, nunc Vernaculâ, variare aſſuefiant; non dubitanter audebo dicere, Nullum aliud vel eſſe, vel eſſe poſſe, Progymnaſma, in quo tenera puerorum ingenia, majore cum facilitate, aut fructu, exerceri poſſunt; neque unde, breviſſimo temporis decurſu, proventum uberiorem confidentiùs expectare liceat. Qualis-qualis hic ſit libellus, habe tibi, Lector Humaniſſime, & boni conſulas; culpâque ſaltem apud te careat, qui optimè de puerorum ſtudiis mereri tam

ardenter

ardenter expetit; ut præ eorum commodo ſuam poſthabeat bonam valetudinem: quâ cùm ipſe jam nunc careat, tibi tamen ex animo apprecatur, & *Vale* dicit.

The

The ſame in ENGLISH.

Courteous Reader,

WHen I had ſeriouſly read over that moſt excellent, and truly golden Book of Eraſmus, concerning the acquiring a Plenty of Words and Matter; and conſidered deliberately with my ſelf, of what frequent uſe and benefit it was, for the avoyding of the odious repetition of the ſame Words

Words *and* Phraſes; *for the* beautifying *of Speech with a* grateful variety *of Expreſſions, for the more* eaſie tranſlating *Authours into* another *Language, or expounding them in their* own; *for an* extemporary *declaring of the mind, either in* Word *or* Writing; *for* Poetry *and making* Verſes; *not to reckon any more, which are almoſt infinite: it came into my mind to* vary *ſome ſhort* Sentences *according to the preſcribed* Forms. *In* tranſlating *of which, Children may be employed, as ſoon as they begin to turn* Engliſh *into* Latin,

Latin; *that ſo, ere they be aware, they may get plenty of* Words *and* Matter, *the beſt part of* Grammatical *and* Rhetorical *Knowledge, and withall, accuſtom their ſtyle, even from the firſt, to all* Forms *of Speaking,* Affirmative, Negative, Interrogative, Admirative, *with many others. And not only ſo, but alſo, (by the way) be taught to diſtinguiſh their Writing, with* Points, *and* Notes of diſtinction *of all ſorts,* Comma's, Colons, Semicolons, Periods; *Notes of* Interrogation, Admiration, *&c. run thorough almoſt all the* Figures

Figures *of* Rhetorick, *with the advantage of familiar Examples in the varying of every Sentence; and laſtly, may inſenſibly be well prepared for all Exerciſes, eſpecially thoſe moſt uſual in* Schools.

This little Book was intended for a more private *uſe; but, for the avoyding of the tediouſneſſe in tranſcribing, and for the promoting of the common good of children, being now made* Publick, *I am bold to commend it to the uſe of all* Schools, *(according as I intend it for young Beginners) as very* profitable, *if*

if not neceſſary. *And, if Children of riper years be accuſtomed to the varying if ſome* ſhort Sentences *preſcribed, of themſelves, according to theſe, or the like* Examples, *ſometimes in their* Mother-Tongue, *ſometimes in* Latin; *I dare be bold to ſay, that there neither is, nor can be any* Exerciſe, *in which, the* tender Wits *of Children can with* more Eaſe, *or* Profit, *be employed; nor from whence a* greater Improvement *in a very ſhort time may with* more confidence *be expected. Such as* this Book *is, take it,* Gentle Reader, *and take*

take it in good part, *and* pardon *him, who is ſo deſirous of* Childrens progreſſe; *that he preferres* their Good, *before* his own Health, *and* Welfare: *which though himſelf at this very preſent* wants; *yet he heartily* wiſheth *it to thee, and bids thee* Farewell.

J. P.

PRA-

Practical RHETORICK.

Sentence I.

Love overcometh all things.

ALl things *are overcome* by love.

Love *conquereth* all things:

All things *are conquered* by love.

Love *tames* all things:

All things *are tamed* by love.

Love *ſubdues* all things:

All things *are ſubdued* by love.

Love *brings* all things *under:*

All things *are brought under* by love.

Love *vanquiſheth* all things:

All things *are vanquiſhed* by love.

Amplificatio per Synonymiam Simplicem. Heterôſis (ſive Mutatio) Activorum Paſſivis.

Love *ruleth* all things:
All things *are ruled* by love.
Love *maſtereth* all things:
All things *are maſtered* by love.

Heterôſis (ſeu Mutatio) Numeri.

Love *throws down* all before it:
All things *are thrown down* before love.
Love *conquers* every thing:
Every thing *is conquered* by love.
CUPID *overcomes* every thing:
Every thing *is overcome* by CUPID.

Periphraſis.

VENUS *Son* overcomes all things:
All things are overcome by VENUS *Son.*
The blind God conquers every thing:
Every thing is conquered by that *blind God.*
CYTHEREA's *Son* quells all things:
All things are quelled by CYTHEREA's *Son.*
The PAPHIAN *Prince* ruleth all things.
All things are ruled by the PAPHIAN *Prince.*

The

The CYPRIAN *Queen's blind boy,* ſubdues all things:

All things are ſubdued by *the* CYPRIAN *Queens blind Boy.*

Love overcometh *many* things;
Love overcometh *great* things:
Love overcometh *no few* things;
Love overcometh *no ſmall* things.

Meiôſis, Tapeinôſis, ſeu Diminutio.

Litotes.

All things *yield* to love:
There is *nothing*, that doth *not yield* to love.
There is *nothing*, that is *not overcome* by love:
There can be *nothing*, that love doth *not overcome.*

Heterôſis, ſeu mutatio affirmativorum negativis.

Love *triumphs over all* things:
There is *nothing*, over which Love doth *not triumph.*

Love *reigns as Lord and King* in *all* things:
There are no *things*, in which love doth *not reign as Lord and King.*

Love *is the Conquerour* of all things:
There is nothing, of which Love is *not the Conquerour.*

Mutatur Verbum Nomine.

Love *exerciſeth his power* in all things:

There is nothing, in which Love *exerciſeth not his power.*

Love *is the ſtrongeſt* of all things: There neither *is*, nor *can be any thing ſtronger* than Love.

All things *crouch* to Love: There is *nothing*, that doth *not crouch* to Love.

All things *feel the power* of Love: There is *nothing*, that doth *not feel the power* of Love.

All things *adore the Majeſty* of Love: There is *nothing*, that doth *not adore the Majeſty* of Love.

Nothing *ever overcame* Love:
Nothing *can overcome* Love:
Nothing *ever yet withſtood* Love.

All things *obey* Love: There is *nothing*, that doth *not obey* Love.

All things *ſerve* Love: There is *nothing*, that doth *not ſerve* Love.

All things *wait* on Love: There is *nothing*, that doth *not wait* on Love.

Love *commands all* things: There is *nothing*, which Love doth *not command.*

Love

Love is *powerfull* even to Victory in all things:

Love is *of great power* even to Victory in all things.

Heterôsis (seu *Mutatio*) *Adjectivorum Substantivis.*

What overcomes all things? Love.

What doth *not* Love *overcome*?

Erotêsis, seu *Interrogatio.*

What overcomes all things, *but* Love?

What overcomes all things, *if not* Love?

What overcomes all things *more then* Love?

Can any thing *overcome* all things, *more then* Love?

What? doth not Love *overcome* all things?

Is there any thing, that Love doth *not* overcome?

Can there be any thing, that Love doth *not* overcome?

What can be stronger then Love?

What can overcome Love?

Can any thing *overcome* Love?

Hath the wide world any thing, that Love doth *not* overcome?

In what secret and unknown corner lieth that thing, which Love doth *not* overcome?

What is that at last, which Love doth *not* overcome?

Where ſhall we find thoſe things, that Love doth *not* overcome?

What unfound land contains thoſe things, which Love doth *not* overcome?

Ecphoneſis ſeu Exclamatio.

Oh the *great Majeſty* and *Power*, of Love over all things!

Oh the *many* and *great Victories*, that Love bears away from all things!

Oh the *incredible ſtrength* and *force* of Love above all things!

Oh the *innumerable Triumphs*, *Trophies*, and *Spoils* of Love!

Oh the *infinite number of things* that are overcome by Love!

Oh the *unmeaſurable* and *vaſt limits* of Love's *Empire*!

Admiratio.

Good God! how doth Love *overcome* all things!

Good Gods! How do all things *lye crouching at the feet* of Love!

Immortal God! How doth Love *preſcribe Laws* to all things!

Good lack! How doth Love *bear the victory* from all things!

Oh, what a *powerfull* thing is Love!

Oh, what an *imperious* thing is Love!

Oh,

Oh, How all things *lye trembling under the hand* of Love!

Oh, How *ſuppliantly* all things *lick the duſt under* Love's *feet*!

Oh, How true is that old ſaying, *Love overcomes all things*!

Oh ye Gods above! How are all things *under the power* of Love!

Oh ye Immortal Gods! How is the *Power* of Love *above* all things!

Oh ye Gods and Goddeſſes all! How doth the *Empire* of Love *extend to all*, even to *you your ſelves* alſo!

Adjuratio

a *Let me not live*,
b *Let me die*,
c *Let me not enjoy my health*,
d *Let me periſh miſerably*,

} If I do not think it moſt true, that *Love overcometh all things*.

a Nè vivam
b Emoriar.
c Nè valeam.
d Diſpeream male.

e *So may the Muſes love me*,
f *So let the Gods favour me*,
g *So may the Heavens be propitious to me*,

} As I think it moſt true, that *all things are overcome by Love*.

e Sic me Muſæ ament.
f Ita mihi Dii faveant.
g Sic mihi cœlos propitios habeam.

Alaſs, how *weak* are all things, compared to Love!

Commiſeratio.

Ah, in vain do men ſtrive to *reſiſt* the power of Love!

Dubitatio. *I do not know*, whether there be *any* thing overcomes more things *than* Love.

I much doubt, whether there be *any* thing, whoſe power is *equal* to the power of Love.

Abominatio. *Fy upon* the *Tyrannical* and *Invincible power* of Love.

Out upon the *Cowardiſe* of all things, when Love appears.

O ſhame, how the *greateſt* things quake for fear, if the *little* God CUPID do but ſhew his face!

Iſodynamia periphraſtica, ab Adjunctis, Conſequentibus, Concomitantibus, &c. The *Trophies* of Love are *erected* in *every place*.

Love *rides every where* in a *Triumphant Chariot*.

All things are Love's *ſubjects*.

Diſtributio partium. *Kings* themſelves are Love's *Slaves* and *Subjects*.

Kings are *Kings* before their *ſubjects*; but *Subjects* before *Love*.

Collatio. *Kings* are as much *under Love*, as *above* their *Subjects*.

Antitheſis. *Enantiöſis.* CUPID's *dart* wounds *more* and *deeper*, than JOVE's *Thunderbolt*.

The

The *very gods* are *subject* to Love.

Not only *brute creatures*, but *men*; nor *they* only, but likewise *gods*, yield to the violence of Love. *Climax, Incrementum.*

Both *Heaven* and *Earth* know the power of Love. *Metonymia Subjecti.*

The *hardest Hearts* are overcome by Love. *Distributio partium.*

The *cruellest Natures* grow *gentle* by Love.

An *Heart of Flint*, doth *melt* by Love.

Gentle Natures Love *draws*, and *entises*; *froward* Natures it *forceth*, and *compels*; *all* at length it *subdues* and *conquers*.

Love is *always* either an *entising Siren*, or *ravenous Harpy*; *one* way or *other* it is always a *Conquerour*.

Love overcomes *Majesty*, *Power*, *Strength*, *Rickes*, *Beauty*, *Eloquence*, *Learning*, *Wit*, *Wisdom*, and *what not?* *Distributio partium. Hirmos, Asyndeton,* seu *Dialyton.*

The *Liberal Sciences* are not *free from* Love's Empire: and the *Mechanical Arts* can by *no Engine* elude his Power.

No power of *Grammar* can *decline* the power of Love. *Grammatica.*

Rhe-

Rhetorica. *Rhetorick* easily *perswades* her self to be *silent*; and is *dumb*, when Love appears in the *Oratory*.

Logica. All *Logick's Arguments* are *inartificiall*, and *invalid*, when Love oppoſeth.

Muſica. The moſt *delicious ſtreams* of *Muſick* are not able to *countercharm* the Inchantments of Love.

Geometria. *Geometry* cannot *meaſure* the *dimenſions* of Love's Power.

Arithmetica. *Arithmetick* cannot *count* the *Number* of Love's Victories.

Aſtronomia. *Love's* Trophies are more, than *Aſtronomy* hath *Stars*; who, as *high* as ſhe looks, moves always, *under* the *Sphere* of Love's Juriſdiction.

Collectio. Illatio. Ratiocinatio ab Inductione. If the *Liberal Sciences*, every one thus yield to Love; certainly the *Mechanical* and *more ſervile Arts* dare not reſiſt.

Argumentum à Majore. *Love* makes *vulgar* and *unlearned* men become *Poets*, *Oratours*, *Souldiers*, *any* thing, *all* things, according to the vulgar Proverb, *Love teacheth Muſick*; that is, *all Learning*: for the *Greeks* ſo honored *Muſick*, that they called *all Learning* by that name.

Hirmos. Aſyndeton. Dialyton. Paræmia.

The

The *Victories* of *Love* are *more* then the *Sands* of the *Sea*, *Hairs* of the *Head*, *Drops* of *Rain*, *Stars* of the *Skie*, *Leaves* of the *Trees*, *Motes* in the *Sun*, *Pellets* of *Hail*, *Drops* of *Dew*, *Hybla's Bees*, the *Birds* of the *Air*, the *Fishes* of the *Sea*, *Flowers* of the *Spring*, *Apples* of *Autumn*, *Summer's Flies*, *Summer's Ants*, *Blades* of *Grass*, *Ears* of *Corn*, *Boughs* of the *Forrest*, &c. *Collatio à Majori ad Minus.* *Hyperbolica Auxesis:* Ubi obiter variatur *Multi.*

He that can *count* the *Stars* in the *Skie*, or the *Sands* on the *Lybian shore*; let him undertake to *reckon* the *victories* of Love! *Asteismus.*

Love is not *more ancient*, then he is *powerfull*; yet *Hesiod*, that most divine *Poet*, reckons him, amongst the *most ancient gods*. *Collatio ad se à pari.*

To *conquer Love* is a *greater* work, than all *Hercules twelve* Labours: nay, not *to be conquered* by it. *Collatio ad minus.* *Epanorthôsis.*

Love overcometh *many* things, *very many*: *very many* did I say? nay, *all* things. *Epanorthosis.*

Necessity, that *hard* and *inevitable Weapon*, doth not conquer *more* than *Love*. *Periphrasis* *Collatio à pari.*

Love is another *Achilles*, another *Hercules*: *Metaphorica Col-*

-latio ad minus. *Hercules*: but much *more ſtrong* than either.

Collatio ad ſimile à pari. *All* things in the hand of *Love*, are as *Pygmies* in the hand of *Hercules*.

Love is like *Cœneus*, is *invulnerable* and *invincible*.

Allegorica Paræmia. All things *go out of the Field*, when Love *diſplaies* his *Banner*.

All things *throw away* their *Arms*, when Love *ſounds* his *Al-arm*.

If Love *ſound a March*, all things elſe *ſound a Retreat*.

All things *lift up finger* and *hands* (that is, *yield*) when Love *lifts up* his *Arm*.

* Lat. *biſcere.* Nothing dares ſo much as * *mutter*, when Love appears *in the front*.

† Lat. *faſces ſubmittere.* All things † *veyl Bonnet*, and *ſtrike Sayl*, to Love: that is, *yield*, *ſubmit*.

Allegoria. *Love* hath *iron-Hands*, and an *Heart of Adamant*.

No *fortreſs* can *hold out* againſt Love.

It is not ſafe to *contemn*, what Love *commands*.

Nothing is *impregnable* to Love.

No *Enemy* is *invincible* to Love.

Love *exerciſeth his ſtrength* in vain againſt *nothing*. Love

Love *ſhoots* with *unreſiſtable Arrows.* *Allegoria.*

Love's *Arrows* never *miſs.* *Metalepſis Enantiêſis. Anthypophora, Prolepſis, Subjectio.*

Love's *Arrows* alwaies *wound.*

Though *Love* be *blind*; yet have his *Arrows eyes.*

Doth *Love* overcome *many* things? Yea *all.*

Doth he overcome the *weak, mean,* and *contemptible?* Yea, the *ſtrongeſt, greateſt,* and *moſt glorious.* *Subjectio.*

Love *diſputes* with *unanſwerable Arguments.* *Allegoria.*

Love in all things *will find out the way*; as we ſay commonly. *Paræmia.*

They muſt be *very ſtrange* things, that are *not overcome* by Love. *Amplificatio & Confirmatio per Hyperbolicam præfationem, formámque generalem.*

I *know not any* thing, that is *not overcome* by Love.

Who can expreſs } the power
No words can expreſs } of Love.

Who can count } the victories
No Tongue can count } of Love. *Auxeſis.*

a *I am not able to expreſs* } how many things Love overcomes.
in words,
No Eloquence is able to expreſs,
b *It is not to tell,*

a Sermone conſequi, verbis eloqui nequeam.

b Dici non poteſt.

c *It*

c Mirum dictu.
d Vix credi poteſt.
e Fide majus eſt.
f Judicari non poteſt.

c *It is wonderfull to tell,*
d *It is not to be believed,*
e *It is beyond belief,*
It tranſcends a ſtrong belief to credit,
f *You can ſcarce believe,*
It is not to think,
No man can in mind conceive,

} How many things Love overcomes.

g In Proverbium ceſſit.

g *Even to a Proverb* Love overcomes all things.

It hath the place of a Proverb,
It is inſtead of a Proverb,
It is uſed as a Proverb,
It is become a Proverb,
It hath obtained the force of a Proverb,
It hath crept into the number of Proverbs,

} Love overcoms all things.

h Judicio diffidendum.

h I will never again *truſt*, neither *mine own*, nor the *judgment* of all the *Ancient*; if there be *any* thing, that Love doth *not conquer*.

If *Love* overcomes not *all* things; I know not *what* doth.

i Cave, credas.

i *Never believe*, there is *any* thing,

thing, that *Love* doth *not* overcome.

Nothing is more frequent in *Poets*, *Orators*, *Hiſtorians*; than,

None is ſo ignorant, but knows;

None, but the moſt impudent man in the World, can deny;

Let him affirm with that doting *Philoſopher*, that *Snow* is *black*, who denies;

It were better to deny all things, than this one;

He ſhould be *cudgell'd* into belief, and confuted with *club-Arguments*, who denies;

One *Democritus* will not ſuffice, to laugh at his Folly, who denies;

An acre of *Hellebore* will not cure him, who denies;

Give him ſome *Hellebore* to purge his Brain, who will not confeſs;

Confutatio:

That *Love* overcoms *all things.*

He

He underſtands little, who doth not know;
He doth not *ſpeak*, but *bray* like an Aſs, who denies;
No man's *Noſe* is *ſo ſtopt* but he eaſily *ſmels* out this;
Rubb over your *Forehead*, and dare to deny;
That *Love overcoms all things.*

* *Anticyræ*
† Lat. *Vertiginoſi cerebelli.*
Send him to * *Bedlam*, as a man, who hath a †*Vertigo* in his Brain, who denies;

Confirmatio per Interrogationem.
Who is ſo *blind*, as not to *ſee*;
Who is ſo *impudent*, that he dares *deny*;
What *impudence* is it, not to *confeſs*;
Who doth not *underſtand*;
Who, but a *Mad-man*, would *deny*;
Who lives in ſuch *Cymmerian darkneſs*, that he doth not both *ſee*, and *confeſs*;
That *Love's Power & Empire is above all?*

* Lat. *in calcaneis.*
Who, except he have his * *Brains in his Heels*, but perceives plainly;

Can

Can *Impudence* ſo put off *all ſhame*, as to *deny*; that *Love's Power and Empire is above all?*

Aſſeveratio.

That *All things yield to Love.*

It is a *Truth approved* by the *conſent* of *all* men;
It is a *Truth*, *manifeſt* even to *blind* men;
It is a thing *ſo plain*, as nothing can be *plainer*;
So *certain*, as nothing can be *more certain*;

That *Every thing ſubmits to Love.*

It is a *Truth* ſo *apparent*, and *evident*, that it ſeems *writ* not with *Ink*, but with the *Beams of the Sun*;
It is a matter *out of queſtion*, and needs *no diſpute*;
It is a *Truth approved of*, by the *Teſtimony* and *Judgment* of the *whole World*;
It is *as true*, as either *Jove's*, or *Apollo's Oracle*;
It is *as true*, as the *Dodonean*, *Ammonian*, or *Delphick Oracle*;
It is a *Truth*, that re-

quires not *many words*, or a *long Oration* to confirm;

It appears *more clearly* then the *mid-day-Sun*;

The *Sun* needs no *other light*, that it may be *ſeen*; nor a *Trumpeter* to proclaim the *brightneſs* of his *Beams*; ſo is it in this *evident* Truth:

† Lat. *Sũi lucernam accendere.*

He † *lights a Candle in the Sun-ſhine*, who goes about to *explain this* Truth;

It is a *Truth*, than which what can be *more certain?*

That, *Every thing ſubmits to Love.*

It is a *Truth* ſo *out of all Controverſy*, that *Love overcometh all things*; that he, who would *prove* it, may go tell men, The *Sun-ſhines*, when he *triumphs* in his *meridian* Glory.

Aſteiſmus.

He muſt be of *very* great *boldneſs*, or *very* little *wit*, who denies; that, *All things are under the command of Love.*

He, who *ſeriouſly* conſiders it, is *blind*, if he do *not ſee*; *obſtinate*, if *ſeeing* he do not *confeſs*; that, *All things are under the command of Love.*

They

They are but as *Sibyll's leaves*, whatsoever are *objected against* this *Truth*;

The *Arguments against* this *Truth* are *lighter* than the *leaves* of the *Sibylls*; — *Confutatio.*

They are but *Ropes of sand*, *Towers* of *Lamia* (that is, *Castles in the Air*), *Old-wive's Tales*, *vain Dreams*, that men *prattle against* this *Truth*; — *Collatio.* — *Metaphora.*

That *Love triumphs over all things.*

There is neither *crumb*, nor *drop*, of *sense*, or *reason*, in those things, that are *spoken against* this *Truth*; — *Pectines Solis.*

As one said of the *Nightingal*, that * *she was but a Voyce, and nothing else*; so they are *words*, and *wind*, and *no more*, that are *objected against* this *Truth*; — * *Vox & præterea nihil.*

It comes not from *Apollo's Tripos*, but the *Old-Wive's Trivet*, whatsoever is *objected* against *this Truth*; — *Para diastole.*

That *All things obey Love.*

Let him be *rich*, *let* him be *noble*, *let* him be *great*, — *Epitrope.*

let him be *what you will*; *fool* he muſt needs be, and *fool-hardy* too, who dares to *mutter* againſt this *Truth*:

That *All things obey Love.*

I *could wiſh* my ſelf turn'd into a *Squinancy* to ſtop his *ſaucy chaps*, who dare † *bark* againſt this *Truth:*

† *Metaphora.*

Confirmatio.

If he be not *blind enough*, make him *blinder*, who doth not *ſee*, and *acknowledge* this *palpable* Truth:

He muſt either *ſhut* his *eies*, or *put* them *out*, to whom the *light* of *this* Truth doth not *clearly ſhine*:

That *All things are ruled by Love.*

He is *hardened* againſt *all* Truth, who denies *this manifeſt* Truth:

Aſteiſmus.

Let him go *deny Principles*, who will not *confeſs* this *Maxim*:

He muſt have a *Forehead* of *Braſs*, a *Mouth* of *Iron*, and a *Brain* of *Lead*; who dares oppoſe *ſo confeſſed* a Truth:

The

The *Lacedemonians*, ſacrificing to *Love*, before they joyned Battail with the Enemy; ſhew, That they acknowledged the power of *Love* in *overcoming*. *Confirmatio ab Exemplo.*

The *Grecians*, in their Wars ſacrificing to *Love* by the *faireſt Boys* in their Army, declare their Opinion of the force of *Love* in all things.

Love *can be cured by no* Herbs; *nor can any* Medicines *prevail againſt Love*; as no leſs wittily, than truly ſaid *Ovid*, the beſt of the *Latin* Poets. *Confirmatio à teſtimonio.*

Nobility cannot profit againſt Love, for Love doth not yield to † *ancient Images*; as excellently *Propertius* writes. *Ætiologia.* † *Metalepſis.*

There is no hope to fly from Love, *though you had the Wings of* Pegaſus, Perſeus, *and* Mercury; *though you fly as far as the River* Tanais; as the ſame *Propertius* moſt elegantly declares.

Love is weak, *for ſooth!* and every thing overcomes it; *yes, indeed*. *Ironia.*

Love, Love is it, that all things overcomes. *Epizeuxis.*

Anadiplosis

What i'ſt, that all things overcomes, but *Love?*
Love, that imperious paſſion of the mind.

Anaphora.

Love conquers all, Love makes the proudeſt yield:
Love ever Triumphs, ever wins the Field.

Epiſtrophe.

All things ſubmit unto the pow'r of *Love*;
Ev'n Kings are Subjects to the power of *Love*.

Symploce.

What i'ſt that conquers all, but *Lov's imperious hand?*
What conquers great and ſmall, but *Love's imperious hand?*

Epanalepſis.

Love conquers all: of all things King is *Love*.

Epanados.
Polyptoton.

Love conquers all things, *Love* makes all to *yield:*
Yielding they *fly*, and conquer'd leave the Field.

Ecphoneſis.

Oh the divine power of Love! which while I expreſs, my Tongue falters, as unable to expreſs it.

Epiphonema.

Love conquers all things. *So great and unſpeakable is the power of Love.*

Love

Love made Jove —— *but we muſt ſpeak nothing raſhly of the gods.* *Apoſiopeſis.*

O Love, *thou little, but puiſſant, and imperious, god; what doeſt not thou overcome?* *Apoſtrophe.*

Me thinks, I hear Love *ſpeaking, and thus vaunting himſelf of his ſtrength, and power.* *Proſopopoeia.*

The *Tygers* are *fierce* even to a *Proverb*; yet how oft hath my force made them *tame?* *Cum amplicatione per Exempla ex diſtributione partium.*

Hercules was *ſtrong* even to a Miracle; yet ſo did I *effeminate* him; that in Woman's apparel he ſpun in the company * *of the other Sex.* *Ferocitas. Robur.* * Lat. *Sequioris ſexûs*

What is *greater* than *Jupiter?* yet him have I transformed into *Gold*, a *Swan*, a *Bull.* *Majeſtas.*

Apollo was *wiſe*; nay, the *god of Wiſdom*: yet did I make him, as an *Heards-man*, feed *Admetus* his Herds. *Epanorthoſis Sapientia.*

Mercury was a *nimble* god, the Deity of *Eloquence*: yet did I force him to take upon him the ſhape of a *ſtinking Goat.* *Eloquentia*

Neptune is a *wealthy* god, lord of all the *Riches* which the Seas and the vaſt Ocean contain: *Opulentia.*

yet did I force him to *deform* himself with the shape of an *Horse?*

Forma. *Venus* was *fair*, the *Queen of Beauty*: yet did I force her to be *inflamed* with the love of *Mortals*, and to take upon her the shape of an *earth-born Woman.*

Fortitudo. Ira. *Mars* is an *Heroick*, *Valiant*, *Couragious*, *Angry*, and *Churlish god:* yet have I entangled him in the embracements of *Venus* so *oft*, and so *long*; that *Vulcan* hath entangled them † *both naked* in his nets, and he and *Sol* exposed them to the * *view* and *laughter* of all the gods.

† Lat. *Utrumque nudum:* Syllepsis Implicita

* Lat. *risus, & visui; oculis, & jaculis:* Paronomasia.

And now, since *Cruelty*, and *Strength*, and *Majesty*, and *Wisdom*, and *Eloquence*, and *Beauty*, and *Wealth*, and *Courage*, both *Beasts* and *Men*, and *Gods* and *Goddesses*, yield to me; who dare deny my *strength*, or resist my *power?*

Recapitulatio. Polysyndeton. Illatio ab Inductione.

Anacœnosis Communicatio. Tell me, O *Hercules*, what made thee so obsequious a servant to *Omphale?* was it not *Love?* I ask of you, O ye *Gods* and *Goddesses*, what made you so often

often to visit, *Earth*, and put on *humane* shapes; nay, some of you the *forms* of *Beasts*, and those *filthy* Beasts? was it not *Love?*

Love conquers both *Men* and *Gods*: *not to say any thing*, of his dominion over *brute* Creatures. *Paraleipsis.*

I have *heard* with *these very Ears*, many declaiming of the force of *Love*: some *not without sorrow confessing*, others *with great joy acknowledging*, that *Love at last overcomes all things.* *Pleonasmus.*

I believe, (*nor is my belief vain*) that the power of *Love* is above all things. *Parenthesis.*

I hold, and judge, (*and why may I not confess it?*) that all things obey the command of *Love.*

Kings are *Lords* to their *Subjects*: but *Subjects* to this *Lord.* *Anti-Metabole.*

Strong things, and things that are *not strong*, are alike in the hands of *Love.* *Synœcieosis.*

Who can express the *great littleness*, and *little Greatness*; the *childish Manliness*, and *manly Childishness* of that blind God? *Oxymoron.*

What shall I say? shall I tell you, Love overcomes many *things?* that is *much.* *Aporia.*

Shall

Climax. *Shall I tell you, he overcomes the greateſt things?* that is *more*; but that is not all.

What then at laſt ſhall I tell you, that Love overcomes all *things?* that is the *greateſt*, and that is *enough*; all that I can *ſpeak*, or Love *do*.

Inverſio. *Love* doth not *overcome all* things, may ſome man ſay; becauſe the *moſt* things *yield to it of their own accord:* Nay, therefore doth Love *overcome all* things, becauſe the *moſt yield of their own accord.*

For that doth not *take away* the victory, though it argue the *eaſineſs*, and declare both the *known power* of *Love*, and that moſt things deſpair of doing any good by *reſiſting.*

Amplificatio per Impoſſibile: ubi obiter variantur *Impoſſibile* & *Nunquam.*

It is *Impoſſible*,
It is *not poſſible*,
It *cannot be*,
It *can by no means be*,
All things may ſooner be, than

} that there ſhould be any thing, which *Love* doth not overcome.

a Lat. *Abire non poteſt.*

a *It is not to be avoided*;

b Lat. *Non eſt recuſandum.*

b *It is not to be refuſed*;

} but *Love* will overcome all things.

It

It *must needs* be, / It *cannot but* be, } that *Love* should overcome all things.

It *cannot otherwise* be; / *How should it otherwise* be; } but that *Love* should overcome all things.

Paræmia.

The *Wolfe* shall marry the *Sheep*,
A *Locust* shal bring forth an *Elephant*,
The *Sea* shall bring forth *Vines*,
The *Snayl* shall outrun the *Hare*, and the *Tortoyse* the *Eagle*,
Brambles shall bring forth *Violets*, and Thorns *Roses*,
The *Rivers* shall be carried towards their *Fountains*,
The *Fountains* themselves shall *thirst*,
The *Earth* shall fly,
The *Beetle* shall make honey, and the *Gnat* milk,

} before any thing be found which *Love* doth not overcome.

The

The *Crabs* ſhall go ſtrait forward,
The *Nightingale* ſhall ceaſe to *Sing*,
The *Owle* ſhall ſing like the *Nightingale*,
The *Heaven* ſhall fall,
The *Earth* ſhall *aſcend* above the *Skie*,
Mountains ſhal be *tranſplaced*,
The *Mule* ſhall bring forth,
Water and *Fire* ſhall agree together,
The *Fire* ſhall be kindled with *Snow*,
A *Tempeſt* ſhall be *calmed* with a *ſong*,
The *Earth* ſhall be bored thorough,
The *Sun* ſhall change his courſe,
The *Loadſtone* ſhall turn from the *North*,
Groves ſhall grow on the *Waves*,
Sea-weeds ſhall be found on the *Mountains*,

} before any thing be found which *Love* doth not overcome.

} when any thing ſurpaſſeth the power of *Love*.

The

The *Stars* ſhall fall,
The *motion* of each ſtarr ſhall be irregular,
Day ſhall be turned to *night*,
The *waters of the Sea* ſhall leave their *ſaltneſs*,
The *Sea* ſhall be plowed,
A *Crop* ſhall be reaped from the *Sand*,
Paſt moments ſhall be *recalled*,
The *Meadows* ſhall never more have *flowers*,
The *Heavens* ſhall want *Stars*,
Day ſhall want *Light*,
No *ſweetneſs* ſhall be in *Roſes*,
The *Fiſh* ſhall burn in the *Ocean*,
No *Joy* ſhall be in *Heaven*, nor *Pain* in *Hell*,
The *Flames* ſhall *deſcend*,
The *Mountains* forgetting their weights ſhall fly like *Atoms* through the skie,

} when any thing ſurpaſſeth the power of *Love*.

The

The *Heavens* ſhall *reſt*,
The *Sun* and *Stars* ſhall ſhine together,
} when any thing ſurpaſſeth the power of *Love*.

The *Pibbles* ſhall mount up to the *Stars*,
The *Earth* ſhall be *adorned* with *Stars*,
The *Flocks* ſhall invite the *Lions* to their *folds*,
The *Skies* ſhall endure the heavy *plough*,
The *Water* ſhall give *flames*, and *Fire* waters,
The *Sun* ſhall riſe in the *Weſt*,
The *Ants* ſhall leave their *induſtry*,
The *Bees* ſhall forget to make *Honey*,
Mænalian Hounds ſhall fly from the *Hare*,
Nature ſhall become *prepoſterous*,
No *Element* ſhall keep his proper ſeat,
Fire ſhall be *cold*, and *Water* give *heat*,
Summer ſhall give *Snow*,
} if ever any thing overcome *Love*.

Does

Does shall fright *Lions*,
The *Crows* shall fly thorough the Aire *whiter then Snow*,
Swans shall be as *black* as *pitch*,
Oxen shall cut the *Aire* with their *wings*,
Marbles shall be softer then *Wax*,
The *Chickens* shall prey upon the *Kite*,

} if ever any thing overcome *Love*.

Whilst *Sun* and *Stars* shall run their *course*,
While *Stars* shall embellish *Heaven*, and *Flowers* the *Earth*,
Whilst *Neptune's* arms, shall embrace the earth,
Whilst *Cynthia* shall renew her *Horns*,
Whilst *Lucifer* foretells th' approaching *Morn*,
Whilst *Arctos* shuns the *Sea*,
Whilst *Mountains* give their *shades*,
Whilst *Streams* their tribute to the *Ocean* pay,
Whilst *Day* hath *Light*,

} ever will *Love* overcome *All things*.

Confirmatio à perpetuitate veritatis, ubi obiter variantur, *Perpetuò* & *Semper*.

and

and *Night* ſucceeds the *Day*,
Whilſt *Summer* follows the *Spring*, and *Autumn* ſucceeds *Summer*;
Whilſt the *Sun* caſts *light*, or *Earth ſhadows*,
Whilſt the *Land* bounds the *Sea*, and *Aire* the *Land*,
Whilſt the *River* carries *Waters*, or thoſe waters *Fiſhes*,
Whilſt the *Earth* hath *Trees*,
Whilſt the *Bore* loves the *tops* of *Mountains*,
Whilſt *Bees* love *thyme*, and *Bears honey*,
Till *time* and *memory* ſhall be no more,
Till *time* ſhall have no *plumes*,
Till *time* ſhall be as bald *before*, as he is *behind*,
Till *time* ſhall be *ſwallowed* by *Eternity*,
Till *Lacheſis* have no more *thread* to draw,

Ever will *Love* overcome *All things*.

will all things ever ſubmit to *Love*.

Note that all thoſe Proverbial phraſes, that we made to ſignify *Never* will alſo ſignify *Ever*, by prefixing only *Till* or *Until*, as will appear by one or two Examples.

Till

Till the *Woolfe* ſhall marry the *Sheep*,
Till the *Sun* ſhall *change* his *courſe*,
Till the *Sun* ſhall *riſe* in the *Weſt*,
To the laſt *Syllable* of recorded *time*,
Till *time* that gives all *things*, ſhall have his end,

} will all things ever ſubmit to *Love*.

But the *end* of *time*, puts me in mind, that it is *time* to make an *end*; leſt my *diſcourſe* be as *endleſs*, as is the *power* of *Love*. *Concluſio.*

To make at laſt an *end*, There is no *end* of *Love's* majeſty and *power*.

To come at laſt to an *end*, It is to no *end*, either to *reſiſt* the *ſtrength* of *Love*, or *diſcourſe* further of his *power*.

The end of the
firſt *Sentence*,
varied.

Sentence. II.

Self-love is blind,

SElf-*love* is without *eyes*.
Self-love is without *ſight*.
Self-love is *deprived* of *ſight*.
Self-love wants *eyes* and *ſight*.
Self-love is *deſtitute* of *ſight*.
Self-love enjoyes neither *ſight* nor *light*.
Self-love hath no *uſe* of *eyes*.
Eſt pro habeo. No *uſe* of *eyes* is there to *Self-love*.
Self-love ſee's *nothing*.
Heteroſis ſeu *Mutatio Activorum paſſivis.* *Nothing* is ſeen by *ſelf-love*.
Self-love ſee's not at all
Nothing is *blind*, if not *ſelf-love*.
Nothing is *blinder* than *ſelf-love*.
Affirmativorum negativis. *Nothing* is more *blind* then *ſelf-love*.
There is *nothing* but is *leſs blind* than *ſelf-love*.
Nothing can be *blinder* than *ſelf-love*.
Mutatio numeri. *Never* did *ſelf-love* ſee the *light* of the *Sun*.
Heteroſis (ſeu *Mutatio*) *Adjectivorum Subſtantivis.* *All things* are *unſeen* to *ſelf-love*,
Every thing is *unſeen* to *ſelf-love*.
Self-love is *blind* even to wonder *above all things*.

Great

Great is the *blindneſs* of *ſelf-love* even to wonder, above *all things.*
Great *blindneſs* is in *ſelf-love.*
Self-love is a thing of great *blindneſs.*

Erotéſis, ſeu Interrogatio.

What is *blind? Self-love?*
What is *blind*, but *ſelf-love?*
What is *blind*, if not *ſelf-love?*
What? is not *ſelf-love* blind?
What is *blinder* than *ſelf-love?*
What is more *blind* than *ſelf-love?*
What can be more *blind* than *ſelf-love?*
Can any thing be *blinder* than *ſelf-love?*
How ſhould any thing be *blinder* than *ſelf-love?*
Is there any thing ſo *blind* as *ſelf-love?*
Hath the *wide World* any thing ſo *blind* as *ſelf-love?*
In what *dark* and *blind corner* lyeth that thing, that is ſo *blind* as *ſelf-love?*
What from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, is ſo *blind* as *ſelf-love?*
In what *ſecret* and unknown *region* lieth that thing, that is ſo *blind* as *ſelf-love?*
What *Region* in the *Earth* hath not

heard of the *blindneſs* of *ſelf-love?*

What is that at *laſt*, which is ſo *blind* as *ſelf-love?*

Where ſhall we *find* thoſe things that are *blinder* than *ſelf-love?*

What *unfound Land* doth *contain* thoſe things, that are *blinder* than *ſelf-love?*

What new *America* not yet diſcovered hath any thing *blinder* than *ſelf-love?*

What unknown *Land* amongſt the *Antipodes* breeds any thing ſo *blind* as *ſelf-love?*

Ecphoneſis Exclamatio. O *blind* ſelf-love!

O the *intolerable*
O the *great*
O the *ſtrange*
O the *wonderful*
O the *incredible*
O the *unſpeakable*
O the *unexpreſſible*
O the *unconceivable*

} blindneſs *of* ſelf-love.

O the *innumerable*
O the *infinite*

} *errors* which the *blindneſs* of *ſelf-love* occaſioneth!

Admiratio. *Good God!* how *blind* is *ſelf-love!*
Good gods! what *blindneſs* is in the *eies* of *ſelf-love!*

Im-

Immortal God! what thick *darkneſs* doth *poſſeſs* the *eies* of *ſelf-love*!
Immortal Gods! what a thick *miſt* covers the *eies* of *ſelf-love!*
Good lack! how little doth *ſelf-love* ſee!
O what a *darkneſs* doth *beſet* the *eies* of *ſelf-love*!
O what a *darkneſs* dwells in the *eies* of *ſelf-love*!
O how true is that old ſaying, *ſelf-love* is *blind*!
O ye Gods above! how *blind* is *ſelf-love* here below!
Oh ye Gods and Goddeſſes! how is *ſelf-love* bewiddowed of his *eies!*

Let me not live,
Let me die,
Let me not enjoy my health,
Let me periſh miſerably,
} If I do not think it moſt true, that *ſelf-love* is *blind.* *Adjuratio.*

So let the Muſes love me,
So may the Gods favour me,
So may the Heavens be propitious to me,
So may I ever be maſter of my deſire
} As I think it moſt true, that *ſelf-love* is *blind.*

Alaſs, ſelf-love is *very blind*,

Ah, *in vain* doth *ſelf-love* hope to be freed from her *blindneſs*.

Woe is me, it irketh me to ſee the *blindneſs* of *ſelf-love*.

Dubitatio. *I do much doubt*, whether there be any thing *blinder* than *ſelf-love*.

I much doubt whether there is any thing, whoſe *blindneſs* is equall to the *blindneſs* of *ſelf-love*.

I am not certain whether *ſelf-love* be not the *blindeſt thing* in the *World* without *exception*.

Abominatio. *Fie upon* the intolerable *blindneſs* of *ſelf-love*.

Out upon the groſs *errors* that proceed, from *ſelf-love's* blindneſs.

O ſhame! how plain, open and palpable is *ſelf-love's* blindneſs.

Oxymoron. *O burning ſhame*, how *ſhameful* yet *ſhameleſs* is *ſelf-love's* blindneſs!

Iſodynamia periphraſtica. *How blind* muſt he needs be, that *ſees not*, and *confeſſeth* the *blindneſs* of *ſelf-love*!

Hyperbole Auxeſis. There is no *blindneſs* to the *blindneſs* of *ſelf-love*.

Give me any *blindneſs*, but the *blindneſs* of *ſelf-love*.

None are ſo *blind* as they that *love* themſelves.

Self-

Self-love is as *blind* as a *Beetle.* — *Collatio ad ſimile*

Self-love is *blinder* than *Tyreſias.* — *Paræmia.*

Self love is *blinder* than *Hypſæa* that old *hagg.* — *Collatio ad minus.*

Self-love is *blinder* than a *Mole.*

Self-love is like *Polyphemus*, a Monſter without *eies.*

Self-love is *blinder* than *blindneſs* it *ſelf.*

Self-love is *blind*, nay rather *blindneſs* it *ſelf.* — *Hyperbolica Paranthôſis.*

Let none complain of *Fortune's blindneſs*, that conſider the *blindneſs* of *ſelf-love.*

Fortune is *blind* I confeſs, but ſhee ſeems to *ſee clearly* compared to *ſelf-love.* — *Collatio.*

All *love* is *dimm-ſighted*, but *ſelf-love* is *ſtark-blind.* — *Collatio à Genere.*

The *Eagle* which doth not *winke* at the brighteſt *beams* of the *Sun*, is not more *quick-ſighted*, than *ſelf-love* is *blind.* — *Collatio per contrarium Enantiôſis.*

The *Sea* is not more *deaf*, than *ſelf-love* is *blind.*

No *ſpectacles* or *proſpective* can profit *ſelf-love.* — *Litotes. Charientiſmus*

So *blind* is *ſelf-love*; that it perceives not its own *blindneſs.* — *Confirmatio & Demonſtratio.*

Self-love is like that *old-woman* in *Seneca*, — *Collatio ad Sim.*

Seneca, that *complained* of the *darkneſs* of her *houſe*, when *ſhe her ſelf* was *blind*.

Self-love is ſo *blind*, that it *commends* its own *vices*, and *calumniates* others *vertues*.

Self-love is ſo *blind*; that it *counts* his *fouleſt* things *fair*.

Paræmia, Allegorica Ironia. So *blind* is *ſelf-love*; that he thinks all his *Geeſe Swans*.

So *blind* and *fooliſh* is *ſelf-love*; that it makes men think they *fart frankincenſe*, and their *worſt* things *beſt*.

So *blind* is *ſelf-love*; that it *ſees* no *faults* of its *own*, and yet *thinks* it *ſees* plainly the *faults* of *others*.

Metaphora. *Self-love* is a meer *Suffœnus*.

Self-love is *blind* beyond all *belief*.

Hyperbole Auxeſis. *Self-love* is *blind* beyond the *help* of *art* or *nature*.

Diſtributio partium. The *liberal Sciences* cannot free *ſelf-love* from her *blindneſs*; and the *Mechanical arts* can by no *Engine* cure it.

Grammatica. No *Caſe* in *Grammar* can amend the condition of *ſelf-love*: nor are all the *Parts* of *Speech* enough to expreſs

expreſs the *greatneſs* of his *Blindneſs.*

Rhetorick had rather be eternally *dumb*, then ſpeak a word to prove that *ſelf-love* hath *eyes.* *Rhetorica.*

All *Logick's* arguments are *inartificial*, *invalid*, and *abſurd*, when ſhe goes about to defend, that *ſelf-love* is not *blind.* *Logica.*

The delicious ſtrains of *Muſick*, may pleaſe and *tickle* the *ears*: but never open the *blind eyes* of *ſelflove.* *Muſica.* mo

No *Arithmetick* is able to *count* the *errours* that proceed from *ſelf-love's* blindneſs. *Arithmetica.*

No *Geometry* can *meaſure* the thickneſs of that pitchy darkneſs which doth dwell in the eyes of *ſelf-love.* *Geometria.*

Self-love hath as many *errours* as *Aſtronomy* hath *Stars*: and had ſhe for every ſtarr a *Sun*; yet could they not give *light* to the blind *eyes* of *ſelf-love.* *Aſtronomia.*

If the *Liberal Sciences* each of them thus confeſs their weakneſs; the *Mechanical* and more ſervile arts certainly dare not undertake the work. *Collectio. Illatio. Inductio. Argum. à Majore.*

Self-love makes men *fools*, *raſh*, *heady*, *Hirmos.*

Asyndeton, Dialyton. *heady, inconsiderate,* of *great prejudice,* of *little judgment, blind dotards,* any thing, *all things.*

Asteismus. He that can *count* the *Stars* of the *Skie,* or the *Sands* of the *Lybian shore;* let him go count the *errours* of *self-love.*

Collatio ad minus. Hyperbolica auxesis. The *errours* arising from *self-love's blindness* are *more* then the *Sands* of the *Sea, Stars* of the *Skie, Hairs* of the *Head, Drops* of *Rain, Pellets* of *Hail, Pearls* of *Dew, Leaves* of *Trees, Boughs* of the *Forrest, Blades* of *Grass, Ears* of *Corn, Birds* of the *Air, Fishes* of the *Sea, Flowers* of the *Spring, Summer's Flies, Summer's Ants, Motes* in the *Sun, Bees* of *Hybla, Billows* of the *Carpathian Sea,* &c.

Obiter variatur Multi.

Collatio ad minus. To cure the *blindness* of *self-love,* is a greater work then all *Hercules* twelve Labours.

Confirmatio & Amplificatio per Hyperbolicam præfationem & formam Generalem. Auxesis. They must be *very strange* things, that are seen by *self-love.*

I *know not any* thing, that is seen by *self-love.*

Who can express
What tongue can express } the *blindness* of *self-love.*
No words can express

Who

Who can count
No Tongue can count
No Arithmetick can number
} the *errours* of *self-love.*

I am not able to expreſs in words,
No Eloquence is able to expreſs,
It is not to tell,
It is wonderfull to tell,
It is not to be believed,
It is beyond belief,
It tranſcends a ſtrong belief to credit,
It is not to think,
No man can conceive,
You can ſcarce believe,
} how *blind self-love* is.

Even to a Proverb,
It hath the place of a Proverb,
It is inſtead of a Proverb,
It is uſed as a Proverb,
It is become a Proverb,
It hath obtained the force of a Proverb,
It hath crept into the number of Proverbs,
It is an Adage of a received authority;
It's a ſaying as true, as old
} Self-love is blind

I will never again believe *mine own*, nor the *judgment* of the *Ancient*; if there be *any* thing, *blinder* than *self-love.*

If *self-love* be not *blind*; I know not *what is.*

Cave credas. *Never believe*, there is *any* thing more *blind* then *self-love.*

Confirmatio & Confutatio

Nothing is more frequent in *Poets*, *Orators*, *Historians*; than,

None is so ignorant, but knows;

None, but the most impudent man in the World, can deny;

Let him affirm with that doting *Philosopher*, that *Snow* is *black*, who denies;

That *self-love* is *blind.*

It were better to deny all things, than this one;

He should be *cudgell'd* into belief, and confuted with *club-Arguments*, who denies;

One *Democritus* will not suffice, to laugh at his Folly, who denies;

An

An acre of *Hellebore* will not cure him, that denies;

Give him ſome *Hellebore* to purge his Brain, that will not confeſs;

He underſtands little, that doth not know;

He doth not *ſpeak*, but *bray* like an Aſs, that denies;

No man's *Noſe* is ſo *ſtopt* but he eaſily *ſmels* out this;

Send him to *Bedlam*, as a man, that hath a *Vertigo* in his Brain, that denies;

Rubb over your *Forehead*, and dare to deny;

Who is ſo *blind*, as not to *ſee*?

Who is ſo *impudent*, that he dares *deny*?

What *impudence* is it, not to *confeſs*?

Who doth not *underſtand*?

Who, but a *Mad-man*, would *deny*?

That *ſelf-love* ſees *nothing*.

That *ſelf-love* hath no uſe of *eyes*.

confirmatio per Interrogationem.

Who

Who lives in ſuch *Cymmerian darkneſs*, that he doth not *ſee*, and *confeſs*;

Who, except he have his *Brains in his Heels*, will deny?

Niſi animam pro ſale habeat. Who except he have his *ſoul* only inſtead of *ſalt* will deny?

To keep his body from ſtinking. Can *Impudence* her ſelf ſo put off *all ſhame*, as to *deny?*

That *ſelf-love* hath no uſe of *eyes.*

Confirmatio per Aſſeverationem. It is a *Truth approved* by the *conſent* of *all* men,

It is a *Truth*, *manifeſt* even to *blind* men,

It is a thing *ſo plain*, as nothing can be *plainer*; ſo *certain*, as nothing can be *more certain*;

That nothing is blinder then *ſelf-love.*

Paradiaſtole. It is a *Truth* ſo *apparent*, and *evident*, that it ſeems *writ* not with *Ink*, but with the *Beams of the Sun*;

It is a matter *out of queſtion*, and needs *no diſpute*;

It

It is a *Truth approved of*, by the *Teſtimony* and *Judgment* of the *whole World*,

It is *as true*, as either *Jove's*, or *Apollo's Oracle*,

It is *as true*, as the *Dodonean*, *Ammonian*, or *Delphick Oracle*,

It is a *Truth*, that requires not *many words*, or a *long Oration* to confirm it,

It appears *more clearly* then the *mid-day-Sun*,

The *Sun* needs no *other light*, that it may be *ſeen*; nor a *Trumpet* to proclaim the *brightneſs* of his *Beams*; ſo is it in this *evident* Truth,

He *slights a Candle in the Sun-ſhine*, that goes about to *explain this* Truth;

It is a *Truth*, than which what can be *more certain?*

It is a *Truth* ſo *out of all Controverſy*, that he

that all things are *unſeen* to *ſelf-love.*

Aſteiſmus.

that

that would prove it, may go tell men, The *Sun-ſhines*, when he *triumphs* in his *meridian*-Glory. } that all things

Enantiöſis. He muſt be of *very* great *boldneſs*, or *very* little *wit*, that denies, } are *unſeen* to *ſelf-love.*

Hypotheſis Suppoſitio. He that *ſeriouſly* conſiders it, is *blind*, if he do *not ſee*; *obſtinate*, if *ſeeing* he do not *confeſs*;

Confirmatio per Confutationem. They are but as *Sibyll*'s *leaves*, whatſoever are *objected againſt* this *Truth*,

Collatio. The *Arguments againſt* this *Truth* are *lighter* and *vainer* than the *leaves* of the *Sibylls*,

Metaphora. They are but *Ropes* of *ſand*, *Towers* of *Lamia*, *Old-wive's Tales*, *vain Dreams*, that men *prattle againſt* this *Truth*; } that *ſelf-love* hath neither *ſight* nor *light.*

Metaphora. There is neither *crumb*, nor *drop* of *ſenſe*, or *reaſon*, in thoſe things, that are *ſpoken againſt* this *Truth*,

As one ſaid of the *Nightingal*, *ſhe was a Voyce*,

and

and nothing elſe; ſo they are *words*, and *wind*, and *no more*, that are *objected againſt* this *Truth*,

It comes not from *Apollo's Tripos*, but the *Old-Wive's Trivet*, whatſoever is *objected* againſt *this Truth*,

Let him be *rich*, *let* him be *noble*, *let* him be *great*, *let* him be *what you will*; *fool* he muſt needs be, and *fool-hardy* too, who dares to *mutter* againſt this *Truth*,

I *could wiſh* my ſelf a *Squinancy* to ſtop his *ſaucy chaps*, which dare † *bark* againſt this *Truth*,

If he be not *blind enough*, make him *blinder*, that doth not *ſee*, and *acknowledge* this *palpable* Truth,

He muſt either *ſhut* his *eies*, or *put* them *out*, to whom the *light* of *this* Truth doth not *clearly ſhine*,

that *Self-love* hath neither *ſight* nor *light*.

Paradiaſtole.

Epitrope.

† *Metaphora.*

that *ſelf-love* is deprived of *ſight*.

Hypotheſis Ironica.

Aſteiſmus.

He is *hardened* againſt *all* Truth, that denies *this manifeſt* Truth,
Let him go *deny Principles*, that will not *confeſs* this *Maxim*,
He muſt have a *Forehead* of *Braſs*, a *Brain* of *Lead*; and a *tongue* of *Iron*, that dares oppoſe *ſo confeſſed* a Truth,
} that *ſelf-love* is deprived of *ſight*.

Confirmatio ab Exemplo.

Narciſſus through *ſelf-love* was ſo blind; that to *enjoy* himſelf, he *drown'd* himſelf: to *find* himſelf, he *loſt* himſelf.

Oxymoron.

Narciſſus through *ſelf-love* was ſo *blind*, that he doted on his own *Image*, which he beholds in the *fountain*; and while he embraceth *himſelf*, he is buried in his own *embraces*.

Confirmatio à Teſtimonio.

Becauſe *ſelf-love* is *blind*, hence *Socrates* that *Oracle* of human wiſdome, ſaid very well, as indeed he did always, that, *The Midwife judgeth better of the Infant, then the Mother.* Hence they ſay, *Nothing which a man loves, but ſeems beautiful*; and, *Every King pleaſeth his Queen.*

Paræmia.

Queen. And hence, the filthy *Polypus* on *Agna*'s noſe in *Horace*, pleaſed her lover *Balbinus*. *ab Exemplo.*

And ſo ſelf-love in the *Fable*, made the *Ape* bring her ugly ridiculous young ones to *Jupiter*, as the *faireſt* of all living creatures. *ab exemplo fabuloſo.*

Self-love is ſo *blind*; that ſhe ſees not what *reaſon ſaith*, what *truth adviſeth*, but aſſents to what her ſelf judgeth: as *Stobæus* gathereth excellently, out of moſt grave Authours. *à Teſtimonio.*

Self-love *attributes* more to *her ſelf* than *truth* permits, and more then ſhe *attributes* to *truth* it ſelf; as the ſame *Stobæus* teſtifieth; ſo great is her blindneſs.

Self-love ſees all things, is very *quick-ſighted I aſſure you, believe me that will.* *Ironia.*

Self-love ſees *not many* things.
Self-love ſees *no great* things.
Few are the things *ſelf-love* ſees.
They muſt be *ſtrange* things which *ſelf-love* ſees. *Tapeinôſis & Meiôſis Litotes.*

Self-love is not only, not *clear-ſighted*, not only *dimm-ſighted*, not only *purblind*, but *down right-blind*. *Climax. Incrementum.*

Epizeuxis. *Self-love, self-love,* alas! can nothing see.

Anadiplôsis Oh what can be more *blind* than is *self-love?*
Self-love, that doting folly of the soul.

Anaphora. *Self-love* is *blind,* self-love can nothing see:
Self-love from errours then can not be free.

Epistrophe. All things have eyes compared to *self-love:*
Stones seem to see, compared with *self-love.*

Symploce. *We through self-love* the maze of errours tread:
We through self-love are to all errours lead.

Epanalepsis. *Self-love* is blind, a *Beetle* is *self-love.*

Epanodos. *Self-love* is blind, what then can *self-love* see?
Nought sees *self-love,* for blind *self-love*'s eyes be.

Epiphonêma. The most palpable things are unseen to *self-love,* so great; so incredible is his blindness.

The

The moſt palpable, *did I ſay?* indeed, *all things* without *exception*, are unſeen to *Self-love*. *Epanorthoſis.*

So *blind* is ſelf-love; *that*—— but *ſhame* forbids me to *utter* it. *Aposiopeſis.*

Oh Self-love! how great is *thy* blindneſs! *Apoſtrophe*

Plain *things* and *things* that are not *plain* are alike to *ſelf-love*. *Synœceiôſis.*

The greateſt *light* is *darkneſs* to *ſelf-love*. *Oxymoron.*

To *ſelf-love* the cleareſt *day* is *night*.

The *cleareſt* things to *ſelf-love* are *obſcure*.

Tell me, *Narciſſus!* what was it that *wrought* in thee ſuch an *obſtinate contempt* of ſo many *young men* and *maids* that deſired to enjoy thy company? What was it that made thee ſo *diſdainfully* to fly from them, till, wandring *ſolitarily* by thy ſelf, thou becameſt *fooliſhly* the unhappy authour of thine own *untimely death?* Is it not all to be aſcribed to the *blindneſs* of *ſelf-love?* *Anacœnoſis Communicatio.*

Self-love is *blind*, not to ſay any *Paralipſis.*

thing of his *dotage*, *folly*, and *raſhneſs*.

Pleonaſmus. I have *heard* with *theſe Ears*, and *ſeen* with *theſe Eies*, many *men* and *women* confeſſing too late, not without much ſorrow, the blindneſs of *ſelf-love*.

Parenthe-ſis. I believe, (*nor is my belief vain*) that *ſelf-love* is the blindeſt thing in the world.

I hold, and judge, (*and why may I not confeſs it?*) that nothing is blinder then *ſelf-love*.

Aporia Addubitatio. *Where ſhall* I firſt begin? or *what ſhall* I firſt complain of, in the blindneſs of *ſelf-love? Shall I tell you* it is ſo blind; that it alwaies errs judging all things amiſs? *ſhall I tell you*, it is ſo blind, that it cannot diſtinguiſh foule from fair, good from bad, honeſt from diſhoneſt? *ſhall I aſcend* ſomething higher, and tell you plainly, it is ſo blind, that nothing either is, was, will be, or can be, ever blinder than it? This is much, and yet not more then truth.

Anti-Metabole. *Self-love* in its own *conceit* ſees amongſt the *blind*, but I am ſure in the *judgment* of all it is *blind* amongſt them that *ſee*. Me

Me thinks I hear *Narciſſus* pitifully *lamenting*, and thus with much *grief* and *deſpair* breathing out his laſt and moſt ſad complaints againſt *ſelf-love*. *Proſopopoeia.*

O Accurſed *ſelf-love*, how great cauſe have I, to *exclaim* againſt *thee* and thy *folly*, *thee* and thy *madneſs*, *thee* and thy *deteſtable* blindneſs! *Anaphora.*

Alas! it was *thy blindneſs* that brought me to ſuch an *heighth* of *pride* and *diſdain*.

Thy blindneſs *lead* me, or rather *ſeduced* me into the *Labyrinth* of *inextricable* errours.

Thy blindneſs threw me *headlong* into that *deep gulf* of doting *folly*, and miſerable *deſpair*.

But for thee; I had never *contemned* ſo many *young men* and *maids* that were *enamoured* on me.

But for thee; I had never ſo neglected *Eccho* a Nymph, ſo *taken* with my *beauty*, that ſhe *pined* away with *grief* through *my diſdain*, into a *mere voyce*.

But for thee; I had never *killed* with *pride* and *contempt*, ſo

many *Nymphs* of the *woods* and *fountains.*

But for thee; I had never come to that *dotage* and *madneſs* at laſt, to *burn* and *conſume* with the *love of my ſelf*, to *deſire*, what I already *enjoyed*, to *ſeek* what I already *poſſeſſed*, to pine away for love of mine own *Image*, to burn in the *flames* which I my ſelf kindle, and for *love* of my *ſelf* to deſtroy my *ſelf.*

Inverſio. *Self-love* is not *blind*, may ſome man ſay; for it hath *eyes*, as well as thoſe that *ſee*: Nay, therefore is *ſelf-love* blind, becauſe it hath *eyes*, and yet hath no *uſe* of them; for if *ſelf-love* never had eyes, and ſo were uncapable of *ſight*, it could not properly be ſaid to be *blind.*

Amplificatio per Impoſſibile: ubi obiter variantur *Impoſſibile* & *Nunquam.*

It is *Impoſſible*,
It is *not poſſible*,
How is it *poſſible?*
It *cannot be*
Can it be *?*
How *can* it be?
It *can by no means be*,

} but that *ſelf-love* ſhould be *blind.*

All

All things may ſooner be, than that *ſelf-love* ſhould not be *blind*.

It is not to be avoided,
It is not to be refuſed,
How can it be avoided?
How can it be refuſed?
Can it be { avoided? / refuſed? } } but *ſelf-love* will be *blind*.

It *muſt needs* be,
It *cannot but* be,
It *cannot otherwiſe* be;
How ſhould it otherwiſe be? *but* } that *ſelf-love* ſhould be *blind*.

Paremiæ.

The *Wolfe* ſhall marry the *Sheep*,
A *Locuſt* ſhal bring forth an *Elephant*,
The *Sea* ſhall bring forth *Vines*,
The *Snayl* ſhall outrun the *Hare*, and the *Tortoyſe* the *Eagle*,
Brambles ſhall bring forth *Violets*, and Thorns *Roſes*,
The *Rivers* ſhall be carried towards their *Fountains*, } before any thing be found *blinder* then *ſelf-love*.

The

The *Fountains* themſelves ſhall *thirſt*,
The *Earth* ſhall fly,
The *Beetle* ſhall make honey, and the *Gnat* milk,
The *Crabs* ſhall go forward,
The *Nightingale* ſhall ceaſe to *Sing*,
The *Owle* ſhall ſing like the *Nightingale*,
The *Heaven* ſhall fall,
The *Earth* ſhall *aſcend* above the *Skie*,
Mountains ſhal be *tranſplaced*,
The *Mule* ſhall bring forth,
Water and *Fire* ſhall agree together,
The *Fire* ſhall be kindled with *Snow*,
A *Tempeſt* ſhall be *calmed* with a *ſong*,
The *Earth* ſhall be bored thorough,
The *Sun* ſhall change his courſe,
The *Loadſtone* ſhall turn from the *North*,

when any thing is ſo *blind* as *ſelf-love*.

Groves

Groves ſhall grow on the *Waves*,
Sea-weeds ſhall be found on the *Mountains*,
The *Stars* ſhall fall,
The *motion* of each ſtarr ſhall be irregular,
Day ſhall be turned to *night*,
The *waters of the Sea* ſhall leave their *ſaltneſs*,
The *Sea* ſhall be plowed,
A *Crop* ſhall be reaped from the *Sand*,
Paſt moments ſhall be *recalled*,
The *Meadows* ſhall never more have *flowers*,
The *Heavens* ſhall want *Stars*,
Day ſhall want *Light*,
No *ſweetneſs* ſhall be in *Roſes*,
The *Fiſh* ſhall burn in the *Ocean*,
No *Joy* ſhall be in *Heaven*, nor *Pain* in *Hell*,
The *Flames* ſhall *deſcend*,

when *ſelf-love* receiveth *ſight*.

The

The *Mountains* forgetting their weights ſhall fly like *Atoms* through the skie,
The *Heavens* ſhall *reſt*,
The *Sun* and *Stars* ſhall ſhine together,
The *Pibbles* ſhall mount up to the *Stars*,
The *Earth* ſhall be *adorned* with *Stars*,
The *Flocks* ſhall invite the *Lions* to their *folds*,
The *Skies* ſhall endure the heavy *plough*,
The *Water* ſhall give *flames*, and *Fire* waters,
The *Sun* ſhall riſe in the *Weſt*,
The *Ants* ſhall leave their *induſtry*,
The *Bees* ſhall forget to make *Honey*,
Mænalian Hounds ſhall fly from the *Hare*,
Nature ſhall become *prepoſterous*,
No *Element* ſhall keep his proper ſeat,
Fire ſhall be *cold*, and *Water* give *heat*,

if ever *ſelf-love* ſee, or judg aright.

Sum-

Summer ſhall give *Snow*,
Does ſhall fright *Lions*,
Crows ſhall fly through the Air *whiter then Snow*,
Swans ſhall be as *black* as *pitch*,
Oxen ſhall cut the *Aire* with their *wings*,
Marbles ſhall be ſofter then *Wax*,
The *Chickens* ſhall prey upon the *Kite*, and *Geeſe* upon the *Fox*.

if ever *ſelf-love* ſee, or judg aright.

Whilſt *Sun* and *Stars* ſhall run their *courſe*,
While *Stars* ſhall embelliſh *Heaven*, and *Flowers* the *Earth*,
Whilſt *Neptune's* arms, ſhall embrace the earth,
Whilſt *Cynthia* ſhall renew her *Horns*,
Whilſt *Lucifer* foretells th' approaching *Morn*,
Whilſt *Arctos* ſhuns the *Sea*,
Whilſt *Mountains* give their *ſhades*,
Whilſt *Streams* their tribute to the *Ocean* pay,

ever will *ſelf-love* be *blind*.

Confirmatio à perpetuitate veritatis, ubi obiter variantur, *Perpetuò* & *Semper*.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Day* hath *Light*, and *Night* ſucceeds the *Day*,
Whilſt *Summer* follows the *Spring*, and *Autumn* ſucceeds *Summer*;
Whilſt the *Sun* caſts *light*, or the *Earth ſhadows*,
Whilſt the *Land* bounds the *Sea*, and *Aire* the *Land*,
Whilſt the *Rivers* carrie *Waters*, or thoſe waters *Fiſhes*,
Whilſt the *Earth* hath *Trees*,
Whilſt the *Bore* loves the *tops* of *Mountains*,
Whilſt *Bees* love *thyme*, and *Bears honey*,
Till *time* and *memory* ſhall be no more,
Till *time* ſhall have no *plumes*,
Till *time* ſhall be as bald *before*, as he is *behind*,
Till *time* ſhall be *ſwallowed* up by *Eternity*,
Till *Lacheſis* have no more *thread* to draw,

ever will *ſelf-love* be blind.

will *ſelf-love* be void of *ſight*.

Till

Till *Time*, that gives *all* things *their* end, ſhall alſo have his own *End*;
To the laſt *Syllable* of recorded *Time*;
† Till the *Woolfe* ſhall marry the *Sheep*,
Till the *Sun* ſhall *change* his *Courſe*,
Till the *Sun* ſhall *riſe* in the *Weſt*,
ſelf-love will want his *eies*.

†Note that all thoſe Proverbial phraſes, which ſignify *Never* will alſo ſignify *Ever*, by prefixing *Till* or *Until*.

Had *Self-love* all *Argus* his *Eyes*; yet could *they* not reſtore his *Sight*; and had *I* as many *Tongues*; yet could not I *fully deſcribe* his *Blindneſs*. *Concluſio. Peroratio.*

Leſt therefore I ſpeak ſo long of the *Blindneſs* of *Self-love*, that I ſeem ſo *blind my ſelf*, as not to ſee time to make an *End*; I will here *conclude* with my firſt Opinion, *Self-love is blind*.

Sentence

Sentence. III.

Honour nouriſheth Arts.

Amplificatio per Synonymiam ſimplicem. Heterôſis (ſive Mutatio) Activorum Paſſivis.

ARts are *nouriſhed* by *honour.*
Honour nurſeth *Arts:*
Arts are *nurſed* by *honour.*
Honour feedeth the *Arts:*
Arts are *fed* by *honour.*
Honour foſtereth *Arts:*
Arts are *foſtered* by *honour.*
Honour cheriſheth *Arts:*
Arts are *cheriſhed* by *honour.*
Honour maintains *Arts:*
Arts are *maintained* by *honour.*
Honour encourageth *Arts:*
Arts are *encouraged* by *honour.*
Honour advanceth the *Arts:*
The *Arts* are *advanced* by *honour.*
Honour promoteth *Arts:*
Arts are *promoted* by *Honour.*
Honour exalts the *Arts:*
The *Arts* are *exalted* by *honour.*
Honour excites *Arts:*
Arts are *excited* by *Honour.*

Heteroſis ſeu Mutatio numeri.

Honours nouriſh *art:*
Art is *nouriſhed* by *honours.*
Fame cheriſheth *Art:*
Art is *cheriſhed* by *Fame.*

Glory

Glory animates *ſciences*:
Sciences are *animated* by *glory*.
Exiſtimation *whets* on Sciences:
Sciences are *whetted on* by Exiſtimation.
Glory *ſpurs* on Sciences:
Sciences are *ſpurred* on by glory.
Glory *ſuckles* the Arts:
Arts are *ſuckled* by glory.
Honour is the *patron* of Arts:
Arts are the *clients* of honour.
Honour is the *nurſe* of Art:
Art is the *nurſling* of honour.
Honour is the *tutour* of Arts:
Arts are the *pupils* of Honour.
Honour is the *foſter-father* of art:
Art is the *foſter-child* of honour.
Honour is the *ſpur* of Arts.
There are *no arts* which are *not nouriſhed* by Honour:
There is *not any* art which is *not cheriſhed* by honour.
What nouriſheth Arts? *Honour.*
What nouriſheth Arts *but honour?*
What nouriſheth Arts, *if not honour?*
What? *doth not* honour nouriſh Arts?
What more nouriſheth Arts *than honour?*

Metaphora.

Heterôſis (ſeu Mutatio Nominis cum Verbo, Metaphora à Relatis.

Heterôſis ſeu mutatio Affirmativorum negativis.

Erotêſis, ſeu Interrogatio.

What can *more* nouriſh Arts, *than honour?*

Can any thing nouriſh Arts *more than honour?*

How ſhould any thing nouriſh *Arts* more then *honour?*

Is there any thing that ſo nouriſheth *Arts* as honour doth?

Hath the *wide World* any thing that nouriſheth Arts *more then honour?*

In what *dark* and *blind corner* lyeth that *Art*, that is not *nouriſhed by honour?*

What from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, ſo nouriſheth *Arts* as *Honour?*

In what *ſecret* and unknown *region* lieth that *Art* which *honour* doth not nouriſh?

What is that at *laſt*, which ſo nouriſheth *Arts* as *Honour?*

Where ſhall we *find* that thing, that nouriſheth *Arts*, as *honour* is wont?

What *unfound Land* doth *contain* that *Art*, which *honour* doth not *cheriſh?*

What new *America* not yet diſcovered hath any thing that more nouriſheth *Arts* then honour?

What

What unknown *Land* amongſt the *Antipodes* containeth any thing, which ſo nouriſheth the *Arts*, as *Honour?*

O the *great*
O the *ſtrange*
O the *wonderful*
O the *incredible*
O the *unſpeakable*
O the *unexpreſſible*
O the *inconceivable*
O the *ſingular*
O the *innumerable*
O the *infinite*

benefits beſtowed by *honour* upon the *Arts!*

Ecphoneſis ſeu Exclamatio.

Good God! how doth *honour* nouriſh *Arts!*
Good gods! how are the *Arts* nouriſhed by *honour!*
Immortal God! how *indulgent* is honour to *Arts!*
Immortal gods! how doth *honour* favour *Arts!*
Good lack! how dear are the *Arts* to *honour!*
O how honour, carries the *Arts* in her boſom!
O how true is that old ſaying, *Honour* nouriſheth *Arts!*

Admiratio. cum Iſodynamia periphraſtica.

Metaphora.

O ye Gods above! what a *ſingular friend* is *honour* to the *Arts*!
Oh ye Gods and Goddeſſes all! how much are the Arts *beholden* to *honour!*

Adjuratio. *Let me not live,*
Let me die,
Let me not enjoy my health,
Let me periſh miſerably,
} If I do not think it moſt true, that *Honour* nouriſheth *Arts.*

So let the Muſes *love me,*
So may the Gods favour me,
So may the Heavens be propitious to me,
So may I ever be maſter of my deſire
} As I think it moſt true, that *Honour* nouriſheth *Arts.*

Commiſeratio. *Alaſs!* how little can the *Arts* do without the help of *honour!*
Ah, the *Arts* pine away and *die,* if *honour* do not *cheriſh* them.
Woe is me, it irketh me to think how the *Arts* would hang their *heads* if *honour* did not *raiſe* them up.

I do

I do much doubt, whether there be any thing, which *nouriſheth* the *Arts* more than *honour*. *Dubitatio.*

I do much doubt whether there is any thing, whoſe care of the *Arts* is equall to that of *Honour*.

I am not certain whether there be any *thing* in the whole *World* that nouriſheth *Arts*, ſo much as *Honour*.

Fie upon his intolerable *blindneſs* that doth not ſee, that *honour* nouriſheth *Arts*. *Abominatio.*

Out upon the groſs *ignorance* of him that doth not know, that by *Honour's dew* the *Arts grow*. *Allegoria.*

O ſhame! can any man be ignorant of this? that *Honour* adds *wings* and *ſpirits* to the *Arts*.

The *Indulgent mother* doth not ſo *embrace* and *cheriſh* her *Infant*, as *Honour* doth the *Arts*. *Collatio ad minus.*

What *careful Nurſe* can with more love and diligence *ſuckle* and *bring up* her *nurſling*, than *Honour* the *Arts?*

The *dew* doth not ſo *fecundate* the *graſſe*, nor *Favonius* ſo *favour* the *flowers*; as *Honour* the *Arts*.

Metaphora. The *breath* of *honour* is the *Zephyrus*, the *Favonius* of the *Arts.*

Allegoria. The *Arts* grow under the *drippings* of *Honour's* tree.

The *fountains* and the *ſprings* do not ſo *irrigate*, and *moyſten* the *earth*, that it may be *fruitful*, as *honour* the *Arts.*

The *rain* doth not ſo with *timely* ſhowers *ripen* the *Corn*, as *Honour* the *Arts.*

The *Sun* by his *cheriſhing-heat* doth not ſo *enliven*, and *amplify* all things, as *honour* by her *fructifying beams* doth *encreaſe* and *augment* the *Arts.*

Diſtributio partium. The *liberal Sciences* aſcribe all they have to *honour*: and the *Mechanical arts* are not ſo ruſtick, and without art, as not to acknowledge the ſame.

Grammatica. *Grammar* complains of the *want* of *words* to expreſs how much ſhe is *obliged* to *honour.*

Rhetorica. *Rhetorick* confeſſeth that ſhe *received* her *tongue* from *Honour*, and could not *ſpeak* a word till *Glory* gave her *Language.*

Logica. *Logick* and all *Philoſophy* confeſs that their *followers* are all Creatures of

of *Glory*, and as much desirous of *Glory* as *Wisdome*, for all their *talking*, (i. e. whatsoever they *talk*.)

Musick confesseth that she could never have reached, neither so *sweet*, nor so *high strains*, if *honour* had not *screwed* up (i. e. *extended*) her *strings*. *Musica.*

Honour is the *rozen* of *Musick's-fidlestick*, and it is *honour* that gives breath to all her *Wind-Instruments*.

Arithmetick is *counting* that *infinite* number of *thanks*, she owes to *Honour*: but is not yet come, nor will ever come, at the totall *summ*. *Arithmetica.*

Geometry feels the *weight* of those *Obligations*, wherein she stands *bound* to *honour*, and is scarce able to stand under the *burden*. *Geometria.*

Astronomy never *thinks* of *Honour*, but she *looks* upon her *Stars*: and every one represents some benefit received from *her*. *Astronomia.*

And if the *Liberal Arts* acknowledge with such *gratitude* the courtesy of *honour*; certainly the *Mechanical* cannot be so *ungrateful* *Collectio. Illatio. Inductione. Argum. à Majore.*

† Imitate. *grateful*, as not to † ſecond (*follow*) them.

Hirmos Aſyndeton, Dialyton. *Honour* makes the *Arts* active, couragious, induſtrious, quick, nimble, lively, ſedulous, diligent, indefatigable, ſagacious, and what not.

Aſteiſmus. He that can *count* the *Stars* of the *Skie*, or the *Sands* on the *Lybian ſhore*; let him go count the *thanks* which the *Arts* owe to *Honour*.

Collatio ad minus. The courteſies of *Honour* towards the *Arts*, are *more* then the *Sands* of the *Sea*, *Stars* of the *Skie*, *Hairs* of the *Head*, *Drops* of *Rain*, *Pellets* of *Hail*, *Flakes* of *Snow*, *Drops* of *Dew*, *Leaves* of *Trees*, *Boughs* of *Forreſt*, *Blades* of *Graſs*, *Ears* of *Corn*, *Birds* of the *Air*, *Fiſhes* of the *Sea*, *Flowers* of the *Spring*, *Apples* of *Autumn*, *Summer's Flies*, *Summer's Ants*, *Motes* in the *Sun*, *Bees* of *Hybla*, *Billows* of the *Carpathian Sea*, &c.

Auxeſis Hyperbolica.

Obiter variatur Multi.

Hyperbole. *Honour* nouriſheth the *Arts*, with a juyce far ſweeter then *Nectar*, and much more pleaſant then the *Ambroſia* of the *gods*.

They muſt be very ſtrange

Arts

Arts which honour doth not nouriſh.

I do not know that *Art*, which *honour* doth not *nouriſh*.

Who can expreſs
What tongue can expreſs
No words can expreſs
Who can count
No Tongue can count
No Arithmetick *can number*

the benefits of *Honour* towards the *Arts*.

Confirmatio & Amplificatio per Hyperbolicam præfationem & formas generales.

Auxeſis.

I am not able to expreſs,
No Eloquence is able to expreſs,
It is not to tell,
It is wonderfull to tell,
It is not to be believed,
It is beyond belief,
It tranſcends a ſtrong belief to credit,
It is not to think,
No man can in minde conceive,
You can ſcarce believe,

how much *Honour* doth nouriſh *Arts*.

Even to a Proverb,
It hath the place of a Proverb,
It is instead of a Proverb,
It is become a Proverb,
It hath obtained the force of a Proverb,
It hath crept into the number of Proverbs,
It is an Adage of a received authority;
It is a saying as true, as old
} *Honour* nouriſheth *Arts.*

I will never again believe *mine own*, nor the *judgment* of all the *Ancient*; if *honour* do not nouriſh *Arts.*

If *honour* doth not nouriſh *Arts*; I know not *what doth.*

Cave credas. *Never believe*, there is *any* thing nouriſheth *Arts*, more then *honour.*

Confirmatio & Confutatio. Nothing is more frequent in *Orators*, *Poets*, *Hiſtorians*; than,
None is ſo ignorant, but knows;
} *Honour* nouriſheth *Arts.*

None

None, but the moſt impudent man in the World, can deny;

Let him affirm with that doting *Philoſopher*, that *Snow* is *black*, who denies;

It were better to deny all things, than this one;

He ſhould be *cudgell'd* into belief, and confuted with *club-Arguments*, who denies;

One *Democritus* will not ſuffice, to laugh at his Folly, who denies;

An acre of *Helleboro* will not cure him, that denies;

Give him ſome *Helleboro* to purge his Brain, that will not confeſs;

He underſtands little, that doth not know;

He doth not *ſpeak*, but *bray* like an Aſs, that denies;

Aſeiſmus.

that *honour* nouriſheth *Arts.*

that the *Arts* are ſtirred up by *honour.*

Paradiaſtole.

No

No man's *Noſe* is *ſo ſtopt* but he eaſily *ſmels* out this;

Send him to *Bedlam*, as a man, that hath a *Vertigo* in his Brain, that denies;

Rubb over your *Forehead*, and dare to deny;

} that the *Arts* are ſtirred up by *honour*.

confirmatio per Interrogationem.

Who is ſo *blind*, as not to *ſee*?

Who is ſo *impudent*, that he dares *deny*?

What *impudence* is it, not to *confeſs*?

Who doth not *underſtand*?

Who, but a *Mad-man*, would *deny*?

Who lives in ſuch *Cymmerian darkneſs*, that he doth not *ſee*, and *confeſs*;

} that *honour* is the nurſe of *Arts*.

Paræmia. * *Cerebrum in calcaneis.*

Who, except he have his * *Brains in his Heels*, will deny?

Who,

Who, except he have his *ſoul* only as † *ſalt* will deny?

Can *Impudence* ſo put off *all ſhame*, as to *deny*?

that *honour* is the patron of *Arts*.

Paræmia.

† To keep his body from ſtinking.

It is a *Truth approved* by the *conſent* of *all* men,

It is a *Truth*, *manifeſt* even to *blind* men,

It is a thing *ſo plain*, as nothing can be *plainer*; ſo *certain*, as nothing can be *more certain*;

It is a *Truth* ſo *apparent*, and *evident*, that it ſeems *writ* not with *Ink*, but with the *Beams of the Sun*;

It is a matter *out of queſtion*, and needs *no diſpute*;

It is a *Truth approved of*, by the *Teſtimony* and *Judgment* of the *whole World*,

It is *as true*, as either

that *honour* is the whetſtone of the *Arts*.

Confirmatio per Aſſeverationem.

Paradiaſtole Metaphora.

Jove's

Jove's, or *Apollo's Oracle*,
It is *as true*, as the *Ammonian*, *Dodonean*, or *Delphick Oracle*,
It is a *Truth*, that requires not *many words*, or a *long Oration* to confirm it,
It appears *more clearly* then the *mid-day-Sun*,
} that *honour* is the whetstone of the *Arts*.

The *Sun* needs no *other light*, that it may be *seen*; nor a *Trumpet* to proclaim the *brightness* of his *Beams*; so is it in this *evident* Truth,
He *lights a Candle in the Sun-shine*, that goes about to *explain this* Truth;
It is a *Truth*, than which what can be *more certain?* what more *plain?*
Asteismus. It is a *Truth* so *out of all Controversy*, that he that would prove it, may go tell men, The *Sun shines*, when he *triumphs* in his *meridian*-Glory.
} that the *Arts* are *Honor's* darlings.

He

He muſt be either of *very* great *boldneſs*, or *very* little *wit*, that denies,

Enantiôſis.

He that *ſeriouſly* conſiders it, is *blind*, if he do *not ſee*; *obſtinate*, if *ſeeing* he do not *confeſs*;

Hypotheſis Suppoſitio.

that the *Arts* are *Honor's* darlings.

They are but as *Sibyll's leaves*, whatſoever are *objected againſt* this *Truth*,

Confirmatio per Confutationem.

The *Arguments againſt* this *Truth* are *lighter* and *vainer* than the *leaves* of the *Sibylls*,

Collatio.

They are but *Ropes* of *ſand*, *Towers* of *Lamia*, *Old-wive's Tales*, *vain Dreams*, that men *prattle againſt* this *Truth*;

Metaphora.

There is neither *crumb*, nor *drop* of *ſenſe*, or *reaſon*, in thoſe things, that are *ſpoken againſt* this *Truth*,

that the *Arts* are *Honor's* favourites.

Metaphora.

As one ſaid of the *Nightingal*, *ſhe was a Voyce, and nothing elſe*; ſo they are *words*, and *wind*, and

Collatio à ſimili.

no more, that are *objected against* this *Truth*,

Paradiastole. It comes not from *Apollo's Tripos*, but the *Old-Wive's Trivet*, whatsoever is *babbled* against *this Truth*,

Epitrope. Let him be *rich*, *let* him be *noble*, *let* him be *great*, *let* him be *what you will*; *fool* he must needs be, and *fool-hardy* too, who dares to *open his mouth* against this *Truth*,

Metaphora. I *could wish* my self a *Squinancy* to stop his *saucy chaps*, which dare *bark* against this *Truth*,

that the *Arts* are *Honor's* favourites.

Hypothesis Ironica. If he be not *blind enough*, make him *blinder*, that doth not *see*, and *acknowledge* this *palpable* Truth,

He must either *shut* his *eies*, or *put* them *out*, to whom the *light* of *this* Truth doth not *clearly shine*,

that *Arts* are perfected by *Honour*.

He

He is *hardened* againſt *all* Truth, that denies *this manifeſt* Truth,

Let him go *deny Principles*, that will not *confeſs* this *Maxim*,

He muſt have a *Forehead* of *Braſs*, a *Brain* of *Lead*; and a *Tongue* of *Iron*, that dares contradict *ſo confeſſed* a Truth,

} that *Arts* are perfected by *Honour*. *Aſteiſmus.*

There were no good *Phyſitians* at *Athens*, becauſe there were no *rewards* nor *Honours* for *Phyſitians*. *Confirmatio ab Exemplo.*

At the ſame *Athens*, *Honour* and the *applauſe* of the Citizens, *nouriſhed* the Art of *Eloquence* in *Demoſthenes* to the higheſt *perfection*: So in *Cicero*, at *Rome*. The ſame may be ſaid of *Ariſtotle*, *Archimedes*, and divers other famous *Philoſophers*.

Where there is no *rewards*, there is no *Art*; ſaith *Ariſtophanes*, that *Prince* of *Comick* Poets, amongſt the *Grecians*. *Confirmatio à Teſtimonio.*

Every thing that is *honoured* is *increaſed*, *Teſt.*

creaſed, and that which is *contemned* is *diminiſhed*, ſaith *Jamblicus* a moſt ancient Authour.

Martial, that witty *Poet*, writing to *Flaccus*, ſaith, O *Flaccus* let there be but † *Mecœnas*'s, there will not want * *Maro*'s, and your own *grounds* will *give* you a *Virgil*.

† Favourers of Arts.
* Learned Poets.

Well therefore did the *Ancient* feign † *Euphemia* the *mother* of the *Arts*.

† Honour renown.

Confirmatio per Similitudinem.

Protaſis.

Even as a proſperous *Wind*, filling the *Sayls* of the *Ship*, makes it paſs through the *Waves* with a triumphant *ſpeed*, which otherwiſe is carried with a *ſlow* languid and uncertain motion; ſo *Honour* animating, and, as it were, blowing upon the *Arts*, makes them, which otherwiſe would be * *reſty* and *ruſty*, to move with an happy and chearful *Progreſs*, till by *degrees* they *arrive* at the *Haven* of *perfection*.

Apodoſis.

Paronomaſia.

Ironia.

It is not *honour* that nouriſheth the Arts, *no by no means*; the *Arts* are not at all *beholden* to *honour*, nor *depend* upon her *vain* and *uncertain* breath! *very true forſooth.*

Honour

Honour doth not *disregard* the *Arts.* *Tapinosis*
Honour is no *enemy* to the *Arts.* *Meiosis*
Honour wisheth not *ill* to the *Arts.* *Liticis.*

Doth honour *love* the Arts? Yea *Climax.*
shee *feeds* them, *cherisheth* them, *em* *Incrementum.*
braceth them, *kisseth* them, *bears* *Subjectio seu*
them *in her bosome*, brings them *Anthypophora.*
up with much *care* and *indulgence*
to their full *ripeness* and *perfection.*

It *honour*, *honour* is, that whets *Epizeuxis.*
the *Arts.*

Honour alone encourageth the *Arts:* *Anadiplosis*
Arts, those ingenious *Nymphs* of knowing *Souls.*

Honour doth feed, *Honour* doth cherish *Arts:* *Anaphora.*
Honour puts *courage* in their drooping *hearts.*

What *Arts* can live, *if Honour* *Epistrophe.*
lends not breath?
Arts needs must die, *if Honour*
lends not breath.

Honour alone doth *breed*, and *nou-* *Symploce.*
rish Arts:
Honour alone doth *feed* and *che-*
rish Arts.

Epanalepſis. *Art's* honour's client. *Fames delight* is *Art.*

Epanodos. *Art's* honour's *child*, *Honor's* Art's tender *mother*: The *mother's* good, the *child* can be no other.

Epiphonêma. Nothing doth *Honour* hold too *dear*, whereby ſhe may *promote* and *advantage* the *Arts*: ſo *great*, ſo *ſingular* is her *courteſy* to *them.*

Epanorthôſis. *Honour* nouriſheth *Arts*: what did I ſay, *nouriſheth?* yea gives them *life* and *liveli-hood*, *being* and *well-being.*

Apoſiopêſis. So much do the *Arts* depend upon the beams of *Honour's* favour; that —— but I will not put the *Arts* to a *bluſh.*

Apoſtrophe. *O Honour* with what courteſy doeſt thou embrace the *Arts*! with what *indulgence* doeſt thou further their *increaſe* and *perfection?*

Synœceiôſis. Arts are not *arts*, which *Honour* doth not *nouriſh.*

Oxymoron. Arts would be *art-leſs*, if *Honour* did not *cheriſh* them.

Tell

Tell me, O *Diomedes*, *Aldus*, *Phocas*, *Priſcian*, *Linacre*, *Deſpanterius*, and all you other *Captains* of *Grammar's* Army, What made you to write ſuch great *Volumes*, and to ſet out the *Art* which you did *profeſs*, ſo *fully* and *plainly?* Was it not, that *Honour* that ſhould *ſurvive* your *aſhes?* *Anacœnoſis Communicatio.*

What, *Cicero*, made thee take ſuch *unwearied pains* in *Reading*, *Tranſlating*, and *Imitating* the *Greek* Orators? Was it not the glory of the *Romane Forum*, and the *unanimous applauſe* of all the *Senate?*

Let me begg leave to ask thee, O *Demoſthenes*; What was it that induced thee ſo ſoon to leave thy bed, to contend with the *Mechanicks*, who ſhould firſt be up in a morning? to cut the hair on one ſide of thy head, that being aſhamed to come forth, thou mighſt be more intent to thy ſtudies? Was it not *Honor?* was it not the applauſe of the *Athenian* theater, was it not a deſire to bear away the *victory* from all other *Orators*; *Anathora.*

especially thine envious and emulous adversary *Æschines?*

Paralipsis. *Honour* doth *nourish* the *Arts*; to pass in silence, that she gives them their *portion* and *patrimony*, and in them their chiefest *nerves*, *strength*, and *vigour*.

Pleonasmus. I have *heard* with *these Ears*, and *seen* with *these Eies* many professours of *Arts*, who have *protested*, that they would not *spend* one hour more in the *Study* of their *Arts*; if the hope of *Honour* and *Reward* did not *intise* them.

Parenthesis. I believe, (*nor is my belief vain*) that nothing *nourisheth* the *Arts* more then *Honour*.

I hold and judge (*and why may I not openly profess it?*) that the *Arts* would *perish*, if it were not for *Honour*.

Aporia Addubitatio. *What* shall I *doe? what* shall I at last *resolve on?* I know neither well how to *begin*, nor *beginning* how to *end*, if I should undertake to relate, how much the *Arts* are obliged to *Honour*.

Prosopopeia. Me thinks I *see* and *hear* all the Arts *squealing* like so many *hungry Infants*,

Infants, and *Honour* ſtanding by them like a *tender Mother*, with her *breaſts* laid forth and *bare*, and thus ſpeaking to them. Come, my *children*, dearer to me then *life* it ſelf; draw out from theſe *nipples* that *nectareous juyce*, which alone can *preſerve* your life. Every *milk* will not fit your *ſtomach*, nor will any *nouriſhment* adde ſtrength and vigour to your *bodies*. No, no, they are theſe *milk-bottles* that contain your *genuine nutriment*; draw them *dry* then, and *ſpare* not, that when they are *empty*, I may *repleniſh* them with that *liquor*, which *abounding* to you, you *grow apace*: and which *fayling*, you *decay* as faſt. Which ſaid, the *Arts* with a wonderful *greedineſs*, each one in their *order*, even *wearied* her with *lugging* her *breaſts*.

But me-thinks, I hear ſome man ſay, *Honour* doth not always encreaſe and *nouriſh* the *Arts*, for many times *Arts* as they are *invented* out of *poverty* and *want*, ſo are they *encreaſed* by the *hope* of *wealth* and *plenty*: To which I anſwer, that therefore doth *Honour* nouriſh the *Inventi.*

Arts, becauſe they are *encreaſed* out of hope of *wealth* and *plenty*: for *wealth* and *plenty* is a kind of *Honour*, and they that live in *wealth* and *plenty*, live in much *Honour* and *Eſteem* above the *poor* and *needy*. So that, this argument notwithſtanding, this *Truth* remains *firm* and *certain*, that, *Honour* nouriſheth the *Arts*.

Amplificatio per Impoſſibile: ubi obiter variantur *Impoſſibile* & *Nunquam.*

It is *Impoſſible*,
It is *not poſſible*,
How is it *poſſible?*
It *cannot be*
Can it be *?*
How *can* it be?
It *can by no means be*,

} but that the *Arts* are nouriſhed by *Honour*.

All things may ſooner be, than that *Honour* ſhould not nouriſh the *Arts*.

It is not to be avoided,
It is not to be refuſed,
How can it be avoided?
How can it be refuſed?
Can it be { avoided? / refuſed? }

} but that the *Arts* muſt owe their nouriſhment to *Honor*.

It

It *muſt needs* be,
It *cannot but* be,
It *cannot otherwiſe* be, but
How ſhould it otherwiſe be? *but*
} that *Honor* feeds the *Arts.*

Parœmiæ.

The *Wolfe* ſhall marry the *Sheep*,
A *Locuſt* ſhal bring forth an *Elephant*,
The *Sea* ſhall bring forth *Vines*,
The *Snayl* ſhall outrun the *Hare*, and the *Tortoyſe* the *Eagle*,
Brambles ſhall bring forth *Violets*, and Thorns *Roſes*,
The *Rivers* ſhall be carried towards their *Fountains*,
The *Fountains* themſelves ſhall *thirſt*,
The *Earth* ſhall fly,
The *Beetle* ſhall make honey, and the *Gnat* milk,
The *Crabs* ſhall go forward,
} before any thing be found that more nouriſheth the *Arts* then *Honor.*

The

The *Nightingale* ſhall ceaſe to *Sing*,
The *Owle* ſhall ſing like the *Nightingale*,
The *Heaven* ſhall fall,
The *Earth* ſhall *aſcend* above the *Skie*,
Mountains ſhal be *tranſplaced*,
The *Mule* ſhall bring forth,
Water and *Fire* ſhall agree together,
The *Fire* ſhall be kindled with *Snow*,
A *Tempeſt* ſhall be *calmed* with a *ſong*,
The *Earth* ſhall be bored thorough,
The *Sun* ſhall change his courſe,
The *Loadſtone* ſhall turn from the *North*,
Groves ſhall grow on the *Waves*,
Sea-weeds ſhall be found on the *Mountains*,
The *Stars* ſhall fall,

when *Arts* live and flouriſh not nouriſhed by *Honour*.

The

The *motion* of each ſtarr ſhall be irregular,
Day ſhall be turned to *night*,
The *waters of the Sea* ſhall leave their *ſaltneſs*.
The *Sea* ſhall be plowed,
A *Crop* ſhall be reaped from the *Sand*,
Paſt moments ſhall be *recalled*,
The *Meadows* ſhall never more have *flowers*,
The *Heavens* ſhall want *Stars*,
Day ſhall want *Light*,
No *ſweetneſs* ſhall be in *Roſes*,
The *Fiſh* ſhall burn in the *Ocean*,
No *Joy* ſhall be in *Heaven*, nor *Pain* in *Hell*,
The *Flames* ſhall *deſcend*,
The *Mountains* forgetting their weights ſhall fly like *Atoms* through the skie,

when the *arts* ſhal not be beholden to *Honour*.

The

The *Heavens* ſhall *reſt*,
The *Sun* and *Stars* ſhall ſhine together,
The *Pibbles* ſhall mount up to the *Stars*,
The *Earth* ſhall be *adorned* with *Stars*,
The *Flocks* ſhall invite the *Lions* to their *folds*,
The *Skies* ſhall endure the heavy *plough*,
The *Water* ſhall give *flames*, and *Fire* waters,
The *Sun* ſhall riſe in the *Weſt*,
The *Ants* ſhall leave their *induſtry*,
The *Bees* ſhall forget to make *Honey*,
Mænalian Hounds ſhall fly from the *Hare*,
Nature ſhall become *prepoſterous*,
No *Element* ſhall keep his proper ſeat,
Fire ſhall be *cold*, and *Water* ſhall give *heat*,
Summer ſhall give *Snow*,
Does ſhall fright *Lions*,

if *Arts* die not when *Honour* refuſeth to nouriſh them.

Crows

Crows ſhall fly through the Air *whiter then Snow*,
Swans ſhall be as *black* as *pitch*,
Oxen ſhall cut the *Aire* with their *wings*,
Marbles ſhall be ſofter then *Wax*,
The *Chickens* ſhall prey upon the *Kite*, and *Geeſe* upon the *Fox*.
The *Hare* ſhall chaſe the *Hound*, and the *Dove* the *Hawks*,

if *Arts* die not when *Honour* refuſeth to nouriſh them.

Whilſt *Sun* and *Stars* ſhall run their *courſe*,
While *Stars* ſhall embelliſh *Heaven*, and *Flowers* the *Earth*,
Whilſt *Neptune's* arms, ſhall embrace the earth,
Whilſt *Cynthia* ſhall renew her *Horns*,
Whilſt *Lucifer* foretells th' approaching *Morn*,
Whilſt *Arctos* ſhuns the *Sea*,
Whilſt *Mountains* give their *ſhades*,
Whilſt *Streams* their tribute to the *Ocean* pay,

Confirmatio à perpetuitate veritatis, ubi obiter variantur, *Perpetuò* & *Semper*.

ever will the *arts* depend upon *Honour*.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Day* hath *Light*, and *Night* ſucceeds the *Day*,

Whilſt *Summer* follows the *Spring*, and *Autumn* ſucceeds *Summer*;

Whilſt the *Sun* caſts *light*, or the *Earth ſhadows*,

Whilſt the *Land* bounds the *Sea*, and *Aire* the *Land*,

Whilſt the *Rivers* carrie *Waters*, or thoſe waters *Fiſhes*,

Whilſt the *Earth* hath *Trees*,

Whilſt the *Bore* loves the *tops* of *Mountains*,

Whilſt *Bees* love *thyme*, and *Bears honey*,

} ever will the *arts* depend upon *Honour*.

Till *time* and *memory* ſhall be no more,

Till *time* ſhall have no *plumes*,

Till *time* ſhall be as bald *before*, as he is *behind*,

Till *time* ſhall be *ſwallowed* up by *Eternity*,

Till *Lacheſis* have no more *thread* to draw,

} ever will the *arts* be much obliged to *Honour*.

Till

† Till the *Woolfe* ſhall marry the *Sheep*,
Till the *Sun* ſhall *change* his *Courſe*,
Till the *Sun* ſhall *riſe* in the *Weſt*,
Till *Time*, that gives *all* things *their* end, ſhall have it ſelf an *End*;
To the laſt *Syllable* of recorded *Time*;

} ever wil the *Arts* bemuch obliged to *Honour*.

† Note that all thoſe Proverbial phraſes, which ſtand for *Never*, may by prefixing *Till* or *Until* ſtand for *Ever*, as appears by theſe Examples.

But ſince I have made *mention* of the *End* of *Time*, it puts me in mind, that it is time to make an *End* of my *Diſcourſe*, leſt by my *prolixity*, I draw into *ſuſpicion* this *evident* truth; *Honour nouriſheth the Arts.*

Concluſio Epilogus Peroratio:

Sentence

Sentence. IV.

Fortune is Unconſtant.

Synonymia ſimplex per Heterôſin contrarii Subſtantivi & Adjectivi.

Fortune is not *conſtant.*
Fortune is a thing of great *inconſtancy.*
Fortune is a thing of the leaſt *conſtancy.*
Fortune is a thing of no *conſtancy.*
Fortune is *uncertain.*
Fortune is not *certain.*
Fortune is a thing *of great uncertainty.*
Fortune is a thing *of* the *leaſt certainty.*
Fortune is a thing *of no certainty.*
Fortune is *mutable.*
Fortune is *not immutable.*
Fortune is a thing *of incredible mutability.*
Fortune is a thing *of* the *leaſt immutability.*
Fortune is a thing *of no immutability.*
Fortune is *unſtedfaſt.*
Fortune is *not ſtedfaſt.*
Fortune is a thing *of unſpeakable unſtedfaſtneſs.*

Fortune

Fortune is a thing *of* the *leaſt ſtead-faſtneſs.*
Fortune is a thing *of no ſtedfaſtneſs.*

Fortune is *leight.*
Fortune is *not grave.*
Fortune is a thing *of wonderful levity.*
Fortune is a thing *of no gravity.*
Fortune is a thing *of the leaſt gravity.*
Fortune is *changeable.*
Fortune is *not unchangeable.*
Fortune is a thing of *not able changeableneſs.*
Fortune is a thing *of the leaſt unchangeableneſs.*
Fortune is a thing of *no unchangeableneſs.*
Fortune is *various.*
Fortune is a thing of *much variety.*
Fortune is *voluble.*
Fortune is a thing of *an uncertain volubility.*
Fortune is *ſlippery.*
Fortune is a thing of a *dangerous ſlipperineſs.*
Fortune is *inſtable.*
Fortune is *not ſtable.*
Fortune is a thing *of unexpreſſible inſtability.*

Fortune is a thing *of the leaſt ſtability.*
Fortune is a thing of *no ſtability.*
Fortune is *perfidious.*
Fortune is not *faithful.*
Fortune is a thing of *odious perfidiouſneſs.*
Fortune is a thing *of the leaſt faithfulneſs.*
Fortune is a thing *of no faithfulneſs.*
Fortune is *deceitful.*
Fortune is *fallacious.*
Fortune is *not true.*
Fortune is a thing *of great deceitfulneſs.*
Fortune is a thing of *ſubtle fallaciouſneſs.*
Fortune is a thing *of the leaſt truth.*
Fortune is a thing *of no truth.*
Fortune is *vain.*
Fortune is a thing *of manifold vanity.*
Fortune is *deſultorious.*
Fortune is *tranſitory.*
Fortune *hath no conſtancy.*
Fortune *wants certainty.*
Fortune is *without ſtedfaſtneſs.*
Fortune is *deſtitute of ſtability.*

There

There is no *faith* or *fidelity* in *Fortune.*

Fortune is *deprived* of all *gravity.*

Fortune *abounds* in *inconſtancy.*

Fortune wants not *uncertainty.*

Fortune is not without *unſtedfaſtneſs.*

Fortune is not *deſtitute* of *inſtability,*

Fortune is well *furniſhed* with *perfidiouſneſs.*

There is *deceit* and *fallaciouſneſs* enough in *Fortune.*

Fortune is *frail.*

Fortune is a thing of *miſerable frailty.*

Fortune is *unconſtant* even to *wonder* above *all things.* *Hyperbole.*

Great is the *inconſtancy* of *Fortune,* even to *wonder* above *all things.*

Fortune is a *thing* in all the *world* leaſt of all *conſtant.*

Fortune ſtands not *long* in a place.

Fortune reteyns not *always* the *ſame mind.*

Nothing is *inconſtant,* if not *Fortune.* *Heterôſis Affirmatiorum negativis.*

Nothing is more *inconſtant* then *Fortune.*

Nothing in the *World* can be more *inconſtant* then *Fortune.*

There is *nothing* but is more *conſtant* then *Fortune.*

Nothing can be more *unconſtant* then *Fortune.*

There is *not any thing* can be *leſs conſtant* then *Fortune.*

There is *nothing*, but is *leſs inconſtant* then *Fortune.*

Nothing is *conſtant*, if *Fortune* be not *unconſtant.*

There is *nothing* ſo *unconſtant* as *Fortune.*

Heteroſis Activi Paſſivo.

Nothing ſurpaſſeth *Fortune* in *inconſtancy.*

Fortune is *ſurpaſſed* by *nothing* in *inconſtancy.*

Nothing overcomes *Fortune* in *uncertainty.*

Fortune is *overcome* by *nothing* in *uncertainty.*

Nothing is ſo eaſily *changed* as *Fortune.*

Nothing is more eaſily *changed* then *Fortune.*

Nothing is with more eaſe *changed* then *Fortune.*

Nothing is *changed* oftner then *Fortune.*

Erotêsis, seu Interrogatio.

What is *unconſtant? Fortune.*
What is *inconſtant* but *Fortune?*
What is *inconſtant* if not *Fortune?*
What? Is not *Fortune inconſtant?*
What is more *inconſtant* then *Fortune?*
What can be more *inconſtant* then *Fortune?*
Can any thing be more *inconſtant* then *Fortune?*
How ſhould any thing be more *inconſtant* then *Fortune?*
Is there any thing ſo *unconſtant* as *Fortune?*
Hath the *wide World* any thing ſo *unconſtant* as *Fortune?*
In what *dark* and *blind corner* lyeth that thing, that is ſo *inconſtant* as *Fortune?*
What from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, is ſo *inconſtant* as *Fortune?*
In what *ſecret* and unknown *region* lieth that thing, that is ſo *inconſtant* as *Fortune?*
What region in the earth hath not heard of the *inconſtancy* of *Fortune?*

What is that at *laſt*, which is ſo *inconſtant* as *Fortune?*

Where ſhall we *find* thoſe things that are more *inconſtant* then *Fortune?*

What *unfound Land* doth *contain* thoſe things, that are more *inconſtant* then *Fortune?*

What new *America* not yet diſcovered hath any thing, more *inconſtant* then *Fortune?*

What unknown *Land* amongſt the *Antipodes* hath any thing leſs *conſtant* then *Fortune?*

Heterôſis Activorum paſſivis.

What doth not *Fortune* ſurpaſs in *inconſtancy?*

By what is not Fortune *ſurpaſſed* in *inconſtancy?*

Ecphoneſis Exclamatio.

O *inconſtant* Fortune!

O the *intolerable*
O the *great*
O the *ſtrange*
O the *wonderful*
O the *admirable*
O the *incredible*
O the *ſingular*
O the *unſpeakable*
O the *inexpreſſible*
O the *inconceivable*

} *inconſtancy* of *Fortune!*

O the *innumerable* } changes *and varieties of* inconſtant Fortune!
O the *infinite* }
O the *very many* }

Admiratio, Iſodynamia periphraſtica & Metalepti ca.

Good God! how great is *Fortune's inconſtancy!*

Good gods! what *inconſtancy* is in *Fortune!*

Immortal God! how *Fortune* gives at once with the *right hand*, and takes away with the *left!*

Immortal gods! what a *Punick* faith is the faith of *Fortune!*

Good lack! how ſeldome doth *Fortune* make good her word!

O! to *how* many *changes* is *inconſtant* fortune *obnoxious!*

O! to *how* many *viciſſitudes* is *uncertain Fortune* liable!

O how true is that old ſaying, *Fortune is inconſtant!*

O yee All-ſeeing Gods above! how *inconſtant* is this *blind Goddeſs* Fortune below!

Oh ye Gods and Goddeſſes all! how little faith is to be had to *inconſtant Fortune.*

Adjuratio. *Let me not live,*
Let me die,
Let me not enjoy my health,
Let me periſh miſerably,
} If I do not think it moſt true, that *Fortune* is *inconſtant.*

So let the Muſes love me,
So may the Gods favour me,
So may the Heavens be propitious to me,
So may I ever be maſter of my deſire
} As I think it moſt true, that *Fortune* is *inconſtant.*

Commiſeratio. *Alaſs!* *Fortune* is very *inconſtant.*

Ah, in vain doth any man *indeavour* to bring *Fortune* to a *conſtant* ſtation and *temper.*

Woe is me, it *pitieth* my *heart* to think how many, and how great *calamities* men have *ſuffered* through the *inconſtancy* of *Fortune.*

Oh *grief!* how is *Fortune* the example, *idea,* and *pattern* of *inconſtancy!*

Dubitatio. *I do much doubt* whether there be any thing, more *inconſtant* then *Fortune.*

It

It is a very great *queſtion*, whether there be any thing, whoſe *inconſtancy* is *equal* to the *inconſtancy* of *Fortune*.

I am not certain whether *Fortune* be not the moſt *inconſtant* thing in the *World* without *exception*.

I know not well what I ſhould ſay, *whether* that *Fortune* is *inconſtant*; or *inconſtancy* it ſelf.

It is a thing to me not free from all *controverſy*, Whether *Fortune* be not *unconſtant* above all things.

Fie upon the intolerable *inconſtancy* of *Fortune!* *Abominatio.*

Out upon that blind and *inconſtant Goddeſs*, whoſe *inconſtancy* is the occaſion of *infinite misfortunes* by *Sea* and *Land*.

O ſhame! that *Fortune* whom we (*forſooth*) call a *Goddeſs*, place in *Heaven*, erect *Altars* to offer *Sacrifice*, ſhould be deſtitute of all *providence*, and continue obſtinately in a blind *inconſtancy*.

There is no inconſtancy to the *inconſtancy* of *Fortune*. *Iſodynamia Periphraſtica, Hyperbolica.*

Give

Give me any *inconſtancy* but the *inconſtancy* of *Fortune*.

Collatio. Let none complain of the *inconſtancy* of the *Moon*, *Women*, or *Children* (every one whereof is very great) that *conſidereth* the *inconſtancy* of *Fortune*.

Parentheſis

Collatio per contrarium Enantiôſis. The *Earth* is not more *conſtant* then *Fortune* is *inconſtant*.

Confirmatio & Demonſtratio. So *inconſtant* is *Fortune*; that it forſakes *conſtancy*, *reaſon*, and it *ſelf* too.

Ætiologia. Needs muſt *ſhe* be *inconſtant*, that never *leaves* any place *warm* with her *ſtay*.

Collatio ad minus. *Fortune* is more *inconſtant* then *Inconſtancy* it ſelf.

Hyperbolica & paroemialis: Hypotypica & Periphraſtica. *Fortune* is more *inconſtant*, then *Mercury* that *many-ſhaped* god, that is *here* and *there* and *every where* almoſt in a *moment*.

Fortune is more *inconſtant* then *Vertumnus*, the *god* of *change*, that hath his name from *turning* and *varying* his *ſhape*.

Hypotypoſis periphraſis. *Fortune* is more *inconſtant* then *Proteus* that *turns* himſelf into all *miracles* of things.

Fortune is more *inconſtant* then *Empuſa*, the *Devil* in *Ariſtophanes* always

always *appearing* on the *Stage* in a *ſeveral ſhape.*

Fortune is more *inconſtant* then *Morpheus* that is wont to put on, what *ſhapes* and *looks* he will.

More *inconſtant* is *Fortune* then the *Moon*, which is ſometimes *full*, ſometimes *half-full*, ſometimes *waxing*, ſometimes *waning*, ſometimes *pale*, ſometimes *ruddy.*

Fortune is as *inconſtant* as the *Spring* or *Autumn*-aire; ſometimes *clear*, ſometimes *cloudy*; ſometimes *calm*, ſometimes *ſtormy.* *Collatio ad par & æquale.*

Fortune is as *inconſtant* as the *ſea*, every day *ebbing* and *flowing.*

Fortune is as *inconſtant* as *Euripus ebbing* and *flowing ſeven* times a day.

As *inconſtant* is *Fortune*, as the *Polypus* or *Chamelion*, which ever and anon *change* their *colours.*

Fortune is as *inconſtant* as *Quick-ſilver*, which none can take *hold* of.

Inconſtant is a *reed* moved with every *blaſt*, yet far leſs *inconſtant* then *Fortune.* *Collatio ad minus.*

Great is the *inconſtancy* of *dry leaves* and *chaffe* driven by the wind

wind, greater the *inconſtancy* of *Fortune.*

What greater *inconſtancy* then of a *wheel*, whilſt it is in *motion*; yet doth the *wheel* ſeem to *ſtand* compared to the *inconſtancy* of *Fortune.*

A *Weather-cock* turning with every *wind* is *inconſtant* enough; yet leſs *inconſtant* then *Fortune.*

The *Bark* which the *water* carrieth whitherſoever it pleaſeth, is *inconſtant*; yet by many degrees leſs *inconſtant* then *Fortune.*

Water, *Air*, *Wind*, are *things* all remarkably *inconſtant*; yet far more *conſtant* then *Fortune.*

So *inconſtant* is *Fortune*; as *nothing* is to be *compared* to it.

Such is the *inconſtancy* of *Fortune*; that nothing is to be *equalled* with *it.*

Collatio ad ſimile. *Fortune* is like the *Country-man* in the *Fable*, who (to the wonder of the *Satyre*) out of the ſame *mouth* blew both *cold* and *hot.*

Fortune ſeems ſometimes a *mother*, ſometimes a *ſtep-mother.*

Fortune

Fortune with the ſame *countenance weeps* and *laughs*.

Fortune ſits on two *ſtools*, as *Cicero* ſpeaks.

Fortune, like a *Stage-Player*, puts on the *Perſon*, ſometimes of a *Shipwrackt-man*, a *Phyſitian*, a baniſhed *man*, a glorious *man*, a baſe *man*.

Fortune is *inconſtant*, beyond the *help* of *Art* or *nature*.

The *Liberal Sciences* cannot cure her *inconſtancy*, and the *Mechanical* cannot *invent* an *Engine* to *compel* her.

All *Grammar's Caſes* and *Variations* are not *comparable* to the *chances* and *varieties* of *Fortune*. *Diſtributio partium. Grammatica.*

All the *Eloquence* of *Rhetorick* cannot ſtay her flying *wing*, *Rhetorica.*

Logicks more ſolid *Arguments* ſhe *eludes* with her *fallacies*. *Logica.*

Muſick's ſweet notes cannot *allure* her *ſtay*, and ſhe *accounts* her ſelf the better *Syren*. *Muſica.*

Arithmetick is *counting* up all the *changes* of *Fortune* to her ſhame: but ſhe ſo *redoubles* and *varies* *Arithmetica.*

ries, that ſhe *confounds* her *reckoning*.

Geometria. *Geometry* is gone to ſeek ſome *Archimedes*, to make an *engine* to incloſe this *wandering* and gadding *Goddeſs*: but when the *workman* is *found*, *Fortune* will be to ſeek.

Aſtronomia. *Aſtronomy* is *ſcouring* all her *Stars*, that when *Fortune* next paſſeth by, their *beauty* may *invite* her *ſtay*, but *Fortune* is *blind*, and ſo is not *taken* with *external ſplendor*.

Collectio. Illatio. Inductione. à Majore. Now ſince the *Liberal Sciences* each one with much *modeſty acknowledge* their *inability* for this *work*; I hope the *Mechanical* for ſhame will not *dare* to put the leaſt *finger* to it.

Aſteiſmus. He that can *count* the *Stars* of the *Skie*, or the *Sands* on the *Lybian ſhore*; let him go count the *changes* and *viciſſitudes* of inconſtant *Fortune*.

Collatio ad minus. The *changes* and *turnings* of *Fortune* are *more* then the *Sands* of the *Sea*, *Stars* of the *Skie*, *Hairs* of the *Head*, *Drops* of *Rain*, *Pellets* of *Hail*, *Flakes* of *Snow*, *Drops* of *Dew*, *Leaves* of *Trees*,

Auxeſis Hyperbolica.

Boughs

Boughs of *Forrests*, *Blades* of *Grass*, *Ears* of *Corn*, *Birds* of the *Air*, *Fishes* of the *Sea*, *Flowers* of the *Spring*, *Apples* of *Autumn*, *Summer's Flies*, *Summer's Ants*, *Motes* in the *Sun*, *Bees* of *Hybla*, *Billows* of the *Carpathian Sea*, &c.

Collatio ad minus.

To cure the *inconstancy* of *Fortune* would be a work of greater *miracle*, then all *Hercules* twelve *labours*.

Admiratio.

O what a strange *sight* would it be, to see *Fortune* remain *constant* in any thing, even for an *hour!*

Who can express
What tongue can express
No words can express
} the *inconstancy of Fortune.*

Confirmatio & Amplificatio per Auxesin Hyperbolicam, Præfationem, & formas generales.

Who can count
No Tongue can count
No Arithmetick *can number*
} the *changes of Fortune.*

I am not able to express,
No Eloquence is able to express,
It is not to tell,
} how *unconstant* Fortune is.

It

It is wonderfull to tell,
It is not to be believed,
It is beyond belief,
It transcends a strong belief,
It is not to think,
No man can in mind conceive,
You can scarce believe,

how *unconstant* Fortune is.

Even to a Proverb,
It hath the place of a Proverb,
It is instead of a Proverb,
It is become a Proverb,
It hath obtained the force of a Proverb,
It hath crept into the number of Proverbs,
It is an Adage of a received authority;

Fortune *is* unconstant.

I will never again believe *mine own*, nor the *judgment* of all the *Ancient*; if there be any thing more *unconstant* then *Fortune*.

If

If *Fortune* be not *unconſtant*; I know not *what is*.

Never believe, there is *any* thing more *unconſtant* then *Fortune*. *Cave credas.*

Nothing is more frequent in *Orators*, *Poets*, *Hiſtorians*; than,
None is ſo ignorant, but knows;
None, but the moſt impudent man in the World, can deny;
Let him affirm with that doting *Philoſopher*, that *Snow* is *black*, who denies;
It were better to deny all things, than this one;
He ſhould be *cudgell'd* into belief, and confuted with *club-Arguments*, who denies;
One *Democritus* will not ſuffice, to laugh at his Folly, who denies;
An acre of *Hellebore* will not cure him, that denies;

Confirmatio & Confutatio.

Aſteiſmus.

that *Fortune* is *inconſtant*.

I Give

Give him ſome *Helle-*
bore to purge his Brain,
that will not confeſs;
He underſtands little,
that doth not know;
He doth not *ſpeak*, but
bray like an Aſs, that de-
nies;
No man's *Noſe* is *ſo*
ſtopt but he eaſily *ſmels*
out this;
Send him to *Bedlam*,
as a man, that hath a
Vertigo in his Brain, who
denies;

} that *Fortune* is *inconſtant.*

Collatio They are but as *Si-*
byll's *leaves*, whatſoever
are *objected againſt* this
Truth,
The *Arguments againſt*
this *Truth* are *lighter* and
vainer than the *leaves* of
the *Sibylls*,

Metaphora. They are but *Ropes* of
ſand, *Towers* of *Lamia*,
Old-wive's Tales, *vain*
Dreams, that men *prattle*
againſt this *Truth*;

Metaphora. There is neither *crumb*,

} that nothing is more *inconſtant* then *Fortune.*

nor

nor *drop* of *ſenſe*, or *reaſon*, in thoſe things, that are *ſpoken againſt* this *Truth*,

As one ſaid of the *Nightingal*, *ſhe was a Voyce, and nothing elſe*; ſo they are *words*, and *wind*, and *no more*, that are *objected againſt* this *Truth*,

Similitudo Protaſis. Apodoſis.

It comes not from *Apollo's Tripos*, but the *Old-Wive's Trivet*, what is *muttered* againſt *this Truth*,

that there is no *inconſtancy* to be compared to the *inconſtancy* of *Fortune*

Paradiaſtole.

Epitrope.

Let him be *rich*, *let* him be *noble*, *let* him be *great*, *let* him be *what you will*; *fool* he muſt needs be, and *fool-hardy* too, that dares *mutter* againſt this *Truth*,

I *could wiſh* my ſelf a *Squinancy* to ſtop his *ſaucy chaps*, which dare *bark* againſt this *Truth*,

Metaphora.

If he be not *blind enough*, make him *blinder*, that doth not *ſee*, and *acknowledge* this *palpable* Truth,

Hypotheſis Ironica & Sartaſtica.

He muſt either *ſhut* his *eies*, or *put* them *out*, to whom the *light* of *this* Truth doth not *clearly ſhine*,

He is *hardened* againſt *all* Truth, that denies *this manifeſt* Truth,

Aſteiſmus. *Let* him go *deny Principles*, that will not *confeſs* this *Maxim*,

} that there is no *inconſtancy* to be compared to the *inconſtancy* of *Fortune*

confirmatio per *Interrogationem.*

Who is ſo *blind*, as not to *ſee*?

Who is ſo *impudent*, that he dares *deny*?

What *impudence* is it, not to *confeſs*?

Who doth not *underſtand*?

Who, but a *Mad-man*, would *deny?*

Who lives in ſuch *Cymmerian darkneſs*, that doth not *ſee*, and *confeſs?*

Who, except he have his * *Brains in his Heels*, will deny?

Who, except he have

} that *fortunes inconſtancy* hath no equal.

his

his *ſoul* only inſtead of *ſalt*, will deny?

Can *Impudence* her ſelf ſo put off *all ſhame*, ſo as to *deny?*

} that *fortunes inconſtancy* hath no equal.

It is a *Truth approved* by the *conſent* of *all* men,

It is a *Truth*, *manifeſt* even to *blind* men,

} *Confirmatio per Aſſeverationem.*

It is a thing *ſo plain*, as nothing can be *plainer*; ſo *certain*, as nothing can be *more certain*;

It is a *Truth* ſo *apparent*, and *evident*, that it ſeems *writ* not with *Ink*, but with the *Beams of the Sun*;

It is a matter *out of queſtion*, and needs *no diſpute*;

} that nothing is or can be ſo *inconſtant* as *Fortune*

} *Paradoſtole.*

It is a *Truth approved of*, by the *Teſtimony* and *Judgment* of the *whole World*,

It is *as true*, as either *Jove's*, or *Apollo's Oracle*,

It is *as true*, as the *Dodonean*, *Ammonian*, or *Delphick Oracle*,

It is a *Truth*, that requires not *many words*, or a *long Oration* to confirm it,

It appears *more clearly* then the *mid-day-Sun*,

The *Sun* needs no *other light*, that it may be *seen*; nor a *Trumpet* to proclaim the *brightneſs* of his *Beams*; ſo is it in this *evident* Truth,

Metaleptica Paræmia. He *lights a Candle in the Sun-ſhine*, that goes about to *explain this* Truth;

It is a *Truth*, than which what can be *more certain?*

Aſteiſmus. It is a *Truth* ſo *out of all Controverſy*, that he that would prove it, may go tell men, The *Sun ſhines*, when he *triumphs* in his *meridian*-Glory.

Enantiôſis. It is a *truth* ſo *evident* and known, that he muſt be either of great *bold-*

that no thing is or can be ſo *inconſtant* as *Fortune*

neſs,

neſs, or *very* little *wit*, that doth denie, that nothing is

He that *ſeriouſly* conſiders it, is *blind*, if he do *not ſee*; *obſtinate*, if *ſeeing* he do not *confeſs*; or can be ſo *inconſtant* as *Fortune*. *Hypotheſis.*

Examples of *Fortune's inconſtancy* are but too *many*; take *this* for one. *Dionyſius* was King of *Syracuſe*, and almoſt all *Sicily*; yet becauſe his Father left him his Kingdome and Power (as he himſelf anſwered one demanding the reaſon of his *after-calamity*) but left him not his *Fortune*; he was expelled his Kingdom, and forced to teach Children their firſt *rudiments* at *Corinth*. *Confirmatio ab Exemplo.* *Parentheſis.*

So *Bajazet*, that great *Emperour* of the *Turks*, was carried about by *Tamberlane* the *Scythian*, in an *Iron grate*, and made his Foot-ſtoole, when he got on Horſe-back. *Exemp.*

Cræſus once thought himſelf the *Richeſt*, and happieſt man in all the World; yet being taken by the *Enemy* and adjudged to *death*, acknowledged himſelf the moſt *miſerable*, and the moſt *beggerly* of all men living. *Exemp.*

Confirmatio à Teſtimonio.

To theſe *Examples*, to which might be added many more, agree the *judgments* and *ſentences* of the beſt and moſt *ancient Authours*.

Apelles an ancient and witty *Painter*, being asked Why, he painted *Fortune ſitting*, anſwered, Becauſe ſhe could not *ſtand*.

And *Quintus Curtius* an Hiſtorian of great note, tells us, that *Fortune* hath *hands* to *give* and *take*, and *wings* to *fly*, but no *feet* to *ſtand*: you may *ſhake* her by the *hands*, for ſhe is deceitfully *flattering*; but ſhe will not let you take hold of her *wings*, becauſe ſhe will not be *ſtayed* by any in her *flight*.

Synœceiſis

What *Fortune* makes *thine*, is not *thine*, was the *witty ſpeech* of an *ancient Poet*.

Voluble Fortune wanders with *ambiguous paces*, & remains certain and conſtant in no place; but ſometimes remains *merry*, ſometimes takes *ſoure* looks, and is only *conſtant* in her *inconſtancy*, as writes *Ovid* prince of the *Latin* Poets, who felt the *ſcourge* of her *inconſtancy*.

Excellent is that *dialogue* of *Cebes* the *Theban*, in his tablet; where

Fortune

Fortune was *painted*; What *woeman* is that? which, as if ſhe were *blind* or *mad*, ſeems to *ſtand* upon a *round ſtone? Fortune* it is, and ſhe is not only *blind*, but *mad* and *deaf*. And what is her *office?* She walks up and down all Nations; from ſome ſhe *takes* their wealth, to others ſhe *gives* it, and from thoſe again ſhe takes what ſhe had given, and raſhly *beſtows* them upon others.

So *inconſtant* is *Fortune*, that the very judgments of the Ancients have been *inconſtant* too in feigning her *poſition* whilſt ſome *feign* her *ſayling* amidſt the *waves* of the *Sea*; others ſet her on the top of an high *Rock* or *Mountain*, expoſed to *every* wind; others feign her ſitting on a *Cylinder*; others ſtanding on a *wheel* or *globe*; others ſtanding on a *winged-globe* in the *middle* of the *Sea*, and *ſayling* with her *eyes* muffled.

Fortune is the gods *Hocus-pocus* caſting *miſts* before mens *eyes*, and ſhewing them, how ſmall the *wiſdome* and *providence* of *mortals* is, which is ſo eaſily *impoſed upon*, and ſo often *miſtaken*. *Amplificatio à tropis & figuris ſive dictionis, ſive Sententiæ.* *Metaphora.*

Fortune!

Ironia. Fortune! *for ſhame* leave *wronging* her, by *taxing* her of *inconſtancy*: Why ſhe, *(if you dare believe me)* is the moſt *conſtant* Goddeſs in the *World*, ever *performs* her *promiſe*, never *takes* what ſhe once *gives*, never *throws down* whom ſhe once *ſets* up, and what would you more?

Parentheſis Ironica.

Litotes. *Fortune* is *not* always *conſtant.*

Tapinôſis *Fortune* often is *inconſtant.*

Meiôſis

Auxeſis. *Fortune* is more *inconſtant* then any thing that is or can be *inconſtant.*

Epizeuxis Oh *Fortune, fortune!* thou *uncertain* and *deceitful goddeſs*, that ſitteſt on thy *winged-globe*, and with *muffled* eies *ſayleſt* on the *fleeting waves*! how blind art thou in thy *inconſtancy*, how *inconſtant* in thy *blindneſs!*

Hypotypoſis perſonæ periphraſis.

Anti-Metabole.

Anadiplôſis *Fortune's* a *Deity*, inconſtant, *blind:*

Epanodos. *Blind* as the *Mole*; inconſtant as the Wind.

Anaphora. *If Fortune will*; thou ſhalt be made of a *Rhetorician* a *Conſul:*

Anti-Metabole

Polyptoton. *If Fortune will*; thou ſhalt be made of a *conſul* a *Rhetorician.*

Blind

Blind fortune is inconſtant eke,
nor doth blind fortune ſee:
Blind fortune without reaſon is, *Anaphora.*
ſo all that truſt her be.

He truſts the Wind, that truſts *inconſtant Fortune:* *Epiſtrophe. Metalepſis*
He writes on Sand, that truſts *inconſtant Fortune.* *Paræmia:*

Good cauſe have mortals all, to
blame *blind Fortune's force:*
Good cauſe have great and ſmall, *Symploce.*
to curſe *blind Fortune's force.*

Inconſtant Fortune! *conſtantly-inconſtant!*
How doeſt thou *triumph* or'e the *Epanodos.*
pride of *men!*

As well *great things*, as things that be *not great*, are the *laughing ſtock* of *Fortune*, and the *objects*, on which ſhe may *exerciſe*, her *mercileſs* inconſtancy. *Syncæciſis.*

Fortune is *conſtantly inconſtant* and *certainly-uncertain.* *Oxymoron.*

Fortune muſt needs be *inconſtant*, as ſhe, that is to day a *mother*, to morrow a *ſtepmother*; now *flattering* and *fawning*, preſently *cruel* and *ſtorming.* *Ætiologia.*

Let

Let Fortune be a *Goddeſs*, *let* her be powerful, *let* her have *Riches*, *Honours*, *Pleaſures* at her command; yet ſhe is *inconſtant*, *uncertain*, *blind*, and *Mad*.

Climax. Incrementum. Fortune is not only *wavering*, *ſlippery*, *deceitful*, but abſolutely *perfidious*, and beyond belief, *inconſtant*.

Wiſe men are afraid even of Fortune's *favours*, eſpecially if they *flow* unto them *many together*. So *great*, ſo *cruel*, ſo *certain* is *Fortune's inconſtancy*.

Epanorthôſis Hyperbole Metaphorica. Fortune is inconſtant, *inconſtant did I ſay*? yea the very *prime copie*, † for all other that are *inconſtant* to *write after*.

† Quod imitentur. *Apoſiopêſis.* *Fortune's* inconſtancy is—— but I will beware; leſt I *provoke* her *cruelty* againſt me.

Beliſarius was a *valiant* and *fortunate Captain*, under *Juſtinian* the *Emperour*; he *overthrew* the *Perſians*, *vanquiſhed* the *Vandals*, *ſubdued* the *Gothes*: After all which *greatneſs* and *glory*, came matter of *fear* and *envy*. The *Emperour* to prevent all dangers *put out* his *eyes*, and he was forced in the *High-ways* to beg *alms* of the paſſengers that paſſed by, and

and to cry (*miſerable to tell!*) Give an *half-penny* to *Belizarius*. O Fortune, how can thy *inconſtancy* throw the greateſt, from the higheſt *top* of *Honour* and *Glory*, to the loweſt *ſtep* of *calamity* and *miſery*. *Apoſtrophe.*

Examples are *ſo many*, and *ſo fit* of *Fortune's inconſtancy*, that I know not what to do, or which way to turn me. *Shall I mention them all?* I fear tediouſneſs. *Shall I omit ſome?* they will cry out of me, of *injury*. *What ſhould I tell you* of *Ventidius Baſſus*, called from *rubbing of Mules* to the *higheſt Honor* in the *Common-wealth?* Of *Fabius*, called from the *Plow* to undertake the *weighty* office of *Conſul?* Of *Varro* taken from the *Shambles*, to the *Conſulſhip?* Or of *Marius* the ſeventh of the *Tyrants?* who one day was made *Emperour*, the *next* ſeem'd to *Rule*, and the *third*, was ſlain by a *Souldier*; who being ready to ſtrike him, ſaid, *This is the ſword, that thou thy ſelf mad'ſt*, becauſe he had formerly been an *Iron-ſmith*. Of *Servius Tullius* who being *born* a *ſlave* died a *King?* with infinite others. *Aporia.* *Sarcaſmus.* *Enantiöſis.*

Tell me, ô *Quintus Cæpio*, didſt not thou *ſufficiently* feel the *inconſtancy* of *Anacœnoſis Communicatio.*

of *Fortune?* when, after thou hadſt been *Prætor, Conſul, Pontifex Maximus*, called the *Patron* of the *Senate*, and hadſt *triumpht* in the *City*; thy *body*, as of a *malefactor*, was *mangled* by the *hands* of the *common Executioner*, a *publick* and *ſad ſpectacle* to the *people* of *Rome*. And thou, ô *Marius*, thou *moſt miſerable* amongſt the *miſerable*, and moſt *happy* amongſt the *happy*, didſt not thou taſt the *cruelty* of Fortune's *inconſtancy?* who after thou hadſt ſubdued *Africa*, drove King *Jugurth* before thy *Chariot*, defeated the Armies of diverſe Enemies of the people of *Rome*, erected *two trophies* in the *City*, been *ſeven times Conſul*, waſt at laſt *proſcribed* and *baniſhed*. And, *Alcibiades*, hadſt not thou as great cauſe as any to exclaim againſt the *inconſtancy* of *Fortune?* Yes ſurely: if, after *Nobility*, *Riches*, *Beauty*, *favour* of the *Citizens*, greateſt *Command*, higheſt *Power*, quickeſt *Wit*; *Condemning*, *Baniſhment*, *Selling* of thy goods, *Poverty*, *Hatred* of thy *Country*, and after all a *violent Death*, can give ſufficient cauſe of *complaint*. But how ſhall

Hirmos Aſyndeton.

ſhall I enough commend thy prudence, *Philip*, in *conſidering* the *inconſtancy* of *Fortune*, who, when *much* and various *felicity* happened to thee in one day; criedſt out, *Oh Fortune!* ſtrike me with ſome *misfortune*. So well didſt thou know her *inconſtancy*.

Polycrates King of the *Samians* if he ſhould *riſe* from the *dead*, and appear upon the *Stage*, would thus *declame* againſt *Fortunes inconſtancy*, Oh Fortune! thou *blind*, *inconſtant* and *mad* goddeſs, what a *ſpectacle* of thy *inconſtancy* didſt thou *deſigne* me? how didſt thou *flatter* me, that thou mightſt *deceive* me, how didſt thou *allure* me with a ſeeming *conſtancy* of thy *favour*, I could not *wiſh* what I did not preſently *obtain*, all things *ſucceeded* according to my *deſire*. I was *forced* to make mine own *misfortune*, which I did by throwing a *Ring*, dear to me, into the *Sea*; yet that was brought *back again* to my *Table* in the *belly* of a *Fiſh*; ſo that I became the wonder and the envy of almoſt all the World: yet at *laſt* didſt *thou* change thy *countenance*, ſufferedſt me to be taken *Proſopopeia*

taken *Priſoner* by *Orontes* one of *Darius* * Commanders, and by him to be † *Gibetted* on the higheſt top of the Mountain *Mycale*, where my *joynts* and *members* rotted in the *aire*, a joyfull *Spectacle* to the *Samians* mine own *Subjects*.

* Præfectus.

† Crucifigi.

Occupatio Anthypophora Subjectio Prolepſis. *Fortune*, may ſome man ſay, is *inconſtant indeed*, in *ſome* things, a *few*, *ſmall* matters, ſcarce worth the looking after. Yea, ſhe is inconſtant, in *many*, in *all*, in the *higheſt* things, and of *greateſt Conſequence*, and *triumphs* moſt, to ſhew her *inconſtancy* in *them*.

Inverſio. *Fortune* is *conſtant*, ſay ſome; for ſhe keeps a *conſtant courſe* in going about the *World*, taking from *ſome*, giving to *others*, now *ſmiling*, now *frowning*, now *ſhining*, now *raigning* now *building up*, now *throwing down*. I anſwer, *Such* a conſtancy is an *argument* of greater *inconſtancy*.

Polyſyndeton. High *and* Low, *and* Rich, *and* Poor, Kings *and* Peaſants, Great *and* Small, Good *and* Bad, Honeſt *and* Diſhoneſt, are all alike ſubject to *Fortune's inconſtancy*.

Paralipſis. *Fortune* is *inconſtant*, that I may *let paſs* her other *vices*.

Fortune

Fortune is *inconſtant*; I do not tell you that ſhe is *mad*, and *blind*. *Apophaſis.*

Who hath not *heard* with *their Ears*, and *ſeen* with *their Eies*, even in a *thouſand* things the *inconſtancy* of *Fortune?* *Pleonaſmus.*

I believ (*nor is my belief vain*) that *Fortune* is the moſt *inconſtant* thing in the *World*. *Parentheſis.*

I hold and judge (*and why may not I profeſs it*) that *nothing* is more *inconſtant* then *Fortune*. *Parentheſis.*

It is *Impoſſible*,
It is *not poſſible*,
How is it *poſſible?*
It *cannot be*
Can it be?
How *can* it be?
It *can by no means be*,
} but that *Fortune* be *inconſtant*.

Amplificatio per Impoſſibile: ubi obiter variantur *Impoſſibile* & *Nunquam*.

All things may ſooner be, then
What cannot ſooner be, then
} that *Fortune* ſhould be *conſtant*.

It is not to be avoided,
It is not to be refuſed,
Can it be avoided? refuſed?
} but that *Fortune* wil remain *inconſtant*.

It *muſt needs* be, } that *For-*
It *cannot but* be, } *tune* ſhould
How ſhould it other- } be *uncer-*
wiſe be? *but* } *tain.*

Paræmia.

A *Wolfe* ſhall marry the *Sheep*,
A *Locuſt* ſhal bring forth an *Elephant*,
The *Sea* ſhall bring forth *Vines*,
The *Snayl* ſhall outrun the *Hare*, and the *Tortoyſe* the *Eagle*,
Brambles ſhall bring forth *Violets*, and Thorns *Roſes*,
The *Rivers* ſhall be carried towards their *Fountains*,
The *Fountains* themſelves ſhall *thirſt*,
The *Earth* ſhall fly,
The *Beetle* ſhall make honey, and the *Gnat* milk,
The *Crabs* ſhall go forward,
The *Nightingale* ſhall ceaſe to *Sing*,

} before *Fortune* leave her *inconſtancy*.

The

The *Owle* ſhall ſing like the *Nightingale*,
The *Heaven* ſhall fall,
The *Earth* ſhall *aſcend* above the *Skie*,
Mountains ſhal be *tranſplaced*,
The *Mule* ſhall bring forth,
Water and *Fire* ſhall agree together,
The *Fire* ſhall be kindled with *Snow*,
A *Tempeſt* ſhall be *calmed* with a *ſong*,
The *Earth* ſhall be bored thorough,
The *Sun* ſhall change his courſe,
The *Loadſtone* ſhall turn from the *North*,
Groves ſhall grow on the *Waves*,
Sea-weeds ſhall be found on the *Mountains*,
The *Stars* ſhall fall,
The *motion* of each ſtarr ſhall be irregular,

when *Fortune* bids *adieu* to her *inconſtancy*.

The *Day* ſhall be turned to *night*,
The *waters of the Sea* ſhall leave their *ſaltneſs*.
The *Sea* ſhall be plowed,
A *Crop* ſhall be reaped from the *Sand*,

} when *Fortune* bids *adieu* to her *inconſtancy*.

Paſt moments ſhall be *recalled*,
The *Meddows* ſhall never more have *flowers*,
The *Heavens* ſhall want their *Stars*,
Day ſhall want *Light*,
No *ſweetneſs* ſhall be in *Roſes*,
The *Fiſh* ſhall burn in the *Ocean*,
No *Joy* ſhall be in *Heaven*, nor *Pain* in *Hell*,
The *Flames* ſhall *deſcend*,
The *Mountains* forgetting their weight ſhall fly as *Atoms* through the skie,

} If ever *Fortune* embrace *conſtancy*.

The

The *Heavens* ſhall reſt,
The *Sun* and *Stars* ſhall ſhine together,
The *Pibbles* ſhall mount up to the *Stars*,
The *Earth* ſhall be *adorned* with *Stars*,
The *Flocks* ſhall invite the *Lions* to their *folds*,
The *Skies* ſhall endure the heavy *plough*,
The *Water* ſhall give *flames*, and *Fire* waters,
The *Sun* ſhall riſe in the *Weſt*,
The *Ants* ſhall leave their *induſtry*,
The *Bees* ſhall forget to make *Honey*,
Mænalian Hounds ſhall fly from the *Hare*,
Nature ſhall become *prepoſterous*,
No *Element* ſhall keep his proper ſeat,
Fire ſhall be *cold*, and *Water* ſhall give *heat*,

ſooner then *Fortune* ſhall become *conſtant*

Summer ſhall give *Snow*,
Does ſhall fright *Lions*,
The *Crows* ſhall fly through the Air *whiter then Snow*,
Swans ſhall be as *black* as *pitch*,
Oxen ſhall cut the *Aire* with their *wings*,
Marbles ſhall be ſofter then *Wax*,
The *Chickens* ſhall prey upon the *Kite*, and *Geeſe* upon the *Fox*.
The *Hare* ſhall chaſe the *Hound*, and the *Dove* the *Hawk*,
} ſooner then *Fortune* ſhall become *conſtant*

Confirmatio à perpetuitate veritatis, ubi obiter variantur, *Perpetuò* & *Semper*.

Whilſt *Sun* and *Stars* ſhall run their *courſe*,
While *Stars* ſhall embelliſh *Heaven*, and *Flowers* the *Earth*,
Whilſt *Neptune's* arms, ſhall embrace the earth,
Whilſt *Cynthia* ſhall renew her *Horns*,
Whilſt *Lucifer* foretells th' approaching *Morn*,
} ever will *Fortune* be *inconſtant*

Whilſt

Whilſt *Arctos* ſhuns the *Sea*,
Whilſt *Mountains* give their *ſhades*,
Whilſt *Streams* their tribute to the *Ocean* pay,
Whilſt *Day* hath *Light*, and *Night* ſucceeds the *Day*,
Whilſt the *Summer* follows the *Spring*, and *Autumn* ſucceeds the *Summer*,
Whilſt the *Sun* caſts *light*, or the *Earth ſhadows*,
Whilſt the *Land* bounds the *Sea*, and *Aire* the *Land*,
Whilſt the *Rivers* carrie *Waters*, or thoſe waters *Fiſhes*,
Whilſt the *Earth* hath *Trees*,
Whilſt the *Bore* loves the *tops* of *Mountains*,
Whilſt *Bees* love *thyme*, and *Bears honey*,

ever will *Fortune* be *inconſtant*

Summer ſhall give *Snow*,
Does ſhall fright *Lions*,
The *Crows* ſhall fly through the Air *whiter then Snow*,
Swans ſhall be as *black* as *pitch*,
Oxen ſhall cut the *Aire* with their *wings*,
Marbles ſhall be ſofter then *Wax*,
The *Chickens* ſhall prey upon the *Kite*, and *Geeſe* upon the *Fox*.
The *Hare* ſhall chaſe the *Hound*, and the *Dove* the *Hawk*,

} ſooner then *Fortune* ſhall become *conſtant*

Confirmatio à perpetuitate veritatis, ubi obiter variantur, *Perpetuò & Semper.*

Whilſt *Sun* and *Stars* ſhall run their *courſe*,
While *Stars* ſhall embelliſh *Heaven*, and *Flowers* the *Earth*,
Whilſt *Neptune's* arms, ſhall embrace the earth,
Whilſt *Cynthia* ſhall renew her *Horns*,
Whilſt *Lucifer* foretells th' approaching *Morn*,

} ever will *Fortune* be *inconſtant*

Whilſt

Whilſt *Arctos* ſhuns the *Sea*,
Whilſt *Mountains* give their *ſhades*,
Whilſt *Streams* their tribute to the *Ocean* pay,
Whilſt *Day* hath *Light*, and *Night* ſucceeds the *Day*,
Whilſt the *Summer* follows the *Spring*, and *Autumn* ſucceeds the *Summer*,
Whilſt the *Sun* caſts *light*, or the *Earth ſhadows*,
Whilſt the *Land* bounds the *Sea*, and *Aire* the *Land*,
Whilſt the *Rivers* carrie *Waters*, or thoſe waters *Fiſhes*,
Whilſt the *Earth* hath *Trees*,
Whilſt the *Bore* loves the *tops* of *Mountains*,
Whilſt *Bees* love *thyme*, and *Bears honey*,

ever will *Fortune* be *inconſtant*

Till *time* and *memory* ſhall be no more,
Till *time* ſhall have no *plumes*,
Till *time* ſhall be as bald *before*, as he is *behind*,
Till *time* ſhall be *ſwallowed* up by *Eternity*,
Till *Lacheſis* have no more *thread* to draw,
† Till the *Woolfe* ſhall marry the *Sheep*,
Till the *Sun* ſhall *change* his *Courſe*,
Till the *Sun* ſhall *riſe* in the *Weſt*,
Till *day* ſhall want his *light*,
Till *Time*, that gives *all* things *their* end, ſhall have it ſelf an *End*;
To the laſt *Syllable* of recorded *Time*;

Never will *Fortune* be *inconſtant*

† Thoſe Proverbiall ſpeeches which ſtand for *Never*, may by prefixing *Till* or *Until* ſtand for *Ever*, as appear by theſe Examples.

I will not *trouble* you nor my *ſelf*, any *longer* with ſo *ſad* and ſo *unwelcome* a *Subject*; and therefore though *Fortune* can never *reſt*, yet I here *will*.

Sentence

Sentence. V.

Labour bringeth forth Glory.

Synonymia ſimplex. Heteroſis Activi Paſſivo.

GLory *is brought forth* by Labour.
Labour *breeds* Glory:
Glory *is bred* by Labour.
Labour *begets* Glory:
Glory *is begot* by Lobour.
Labour *engenders* Glory:
Glory *is engendred* by Labour.
Labour *brings* Glory:
Glory *is brought* by Labour.
Labour *ſends* Glory into the World:
Glory *is ſent* into the World by Labour.
Induſtry *brings forth* Glory:
Glory *is brought forth* by *Induſtry.*
Study *begets* Fame:
Fame *is begot* by ſtudy.
Painfulneſs *breeds* honour:
Honour *is bred* by *painfulneſs.*
Vigilancy *brings* eſteem:
Eſteem *is brought* by *vigilancy.*
Care engenders reputation:
Reputation *is engendered by* Care.

Dili-

Diligence *brings* praiſe:
Amplificatio Metaphorica, ex relatis: Praiſe *is brought* by *diligence.*
Labour is *parent* to glory:
Glory is *the child* to labour.
Heterôſis Verbi cum Nomine. *Labour* is the *father* to *Honour:*
Honour is the *ſon* to *Labour.*
Induſtry is the *mother* to *Glory:*
Heterôſis ſeu Mutatio Affirm. Negat. Glory is the *daughter* to *Induſtry.*
There is *nothing* brings forth *Glory* more then *Labour:*
There is *not any thing* that bringeth forth *Glory* more then *Labour.*
Erotêſis, ſeu Interrogatio. *Nothing* brings forth *Glory,* but *Labour.*
What brings forth Glory? Labour.
What bringeth forth *Glory,* but *Labour?*
What bringeth forth *Glory,* if not *Labour?*
What? doth not Labour bring forth *Glory?*
What more brings forth *Glory* then *Labour?*
What can more bring forth *Glory,* then *Labour?*
Can any thing bring forth *Glory* more then *Labour?*

How

How ſhould any thing bring forth *Glory* more then *Labour?*

Is there any thing ſo bringeth forth *Glory* as *Labour?*

Hath the *wide World* any thing that bringeth forth *Glory* more then *Labour?*

In what *dark* and *blind corner* lyeth that thing, that bringeth forth *Glory* more then *Labour?*

What from *Eaſt* to *Weſt* ſo bringeth forth *Glory* as *Labour?*

In what *ſecret* and unknown *region* lieth that thing, that bringth forth *Glory*, more then *Labour?*

What is that at *laſt*, which bringeth forth *Glory* like *Labour?*

Where ſhall we *find* that thing, that bringeth forth *Glory*, more then *Labour?*

What *new found Land* doth *contain* that thing, which bringeth forth *Glory*, as *Labour* is wont?

What new *America* not yet diſcovered hath any thing, that bringeth forth *Glory* more then *Labour?*

What unknown *Land* amongſt the *Antipodes* contains a thing that brings

brings forth *Glory* more then *Labour?*

Ecphoneſis ſeu Exclamatio.

O the *great*
O the *ſtrange*
O the *wonderful*
O the *incredible*
O the *unſpeakable*
O the *inexpreſſible*
O the *inconceivable*
O the *ſingular*

} *Glory* that *labour* brings forth.

O the *innumerable*
O the *infinite*

} *Honours* that come from *Labours.*

Admiratio cum Iſodynamia periphraſtica.

Good God! how *Labour* brings forth *Glory!*
Good gods! how *Labour* makes a way to *Glory!*
Immortal God! how *Labour* prepares a way to *Glory!*
Immortal gods! how *Labour* paves a way to *Glory!*
Good lack! how is *Labour* the high way to *Glory!*
O! how doth *Labour* lay the foundation to *Glory!*
O! how true is that old ſaying, *Labour* is the *Foundation* of *Glory!*

O yee

O yee Gods above! how doth *Labour* digg the foundation of *Glory.*

Oh ye Gods and Goddeſſes! how doth *Labour* caſt the *foundation* of *Glory.*

Let me not live,
Let me die,
Let me not enjoy my health,
Let me periſh miſerably,

If I do not believ it moſt true, that without *Labour* there is no *Glory.* *Adjuratio.*

So let the Muſes love me,
So may the Gods favour me,
So may the Heavens be propitious to me,
So may I ever be maſter of my deſire

As I think it moſt true, that *Labour* is the *fountain* and *ſpring* of *Glory.*

Alaſs! what *Glory* could there be, if *Labour* did not *produce* it? *Commiſeratio.*

Ah! what *folly* is it to expect *Glory* without *Labour*, ſince *Glory* owes her original to *Labour.*

Woe is me, how it irketh me to ſee their *ignorance* that do not know,

know, that *Labour* is the *Authour* of *Glory.*

Addubitatio. *I do much doubt*, whether there be any thing that more *procureth Glory*, then *Labour.*

I am not certain, whether there be any thing in the *World* that *advanceth Glory*, as *Labour* doth.

It is a thing to me not free from all *controversy*, whether *Glory* come from any thing but *Labour.*

I know not well by what we attain *Glory* more then by *Labour.*

It is a very great *question* to me, whether there be any thing, that more *excites Glory* then *Labour.*

Abominatio. *Fie upon* his intolerable *blindness*, that doth not *see*, that *Labour* layes the first *stone* in the *edifice* of *Glory.*

Out upon his gross *ignorance* that doth not know, that *Labour* is the cause of *Glory.*

O shame! can any be ignorant of this? that *Glory* naturally *flowes* from *Labour?*

Collatio ad simile. *As* the *many-colour'd* flowers *spring* from the *ground*; so doth *Glory* from *Labour.*

As you see the *light* beaming out from

from the *Sun*; ſo doth *Glory* iſſue forth from *Labour*.

Have you not ſeen a ſtream deriving it ſelf from the Fountain? even ſo doth *Glory* proceed from *Labour*.

Like as the *Rivers* flow from the *Sea*, ſo doth *Glory* ariſe from *Labour*.

As I have ſeen the induſtrious *Bees* bring forth *Honey*, ſo *Labour* brings forth *Glory*.

As the *fragrant Smel* comes from the *Flowers*, ſo *Glory* comes from *Labour*.

As the *Tree* bringeth forth *fruit*, ſo doth *Labour* bring forth *Glory*.

As the *flame* aſcends from the *Fire*, ſo doth *Glory* ſhine forth out of *Labour*.

As Idleneſs bringeth forth *infamy* and *contempt*; ſo *Labour* bringeth forth *Honour* and *Glory*. *Collatio ad contrarium*

Glory is a *Stream* from Labour's *Fountain*. *Metaphora. Allegoria.*

Glory is a *Flower* out of Labour's *Garden*.

Glory is a *River* of Labour's *Ocean*.

Glory

Glory is a *bloſſome* of Labour's *Tree.*

Glory is a *flame* from Labour's *Fire.*

Diſtributio partium. The *Liberal Sciences*, by their *Study* and *Watching*, profeſs that all their *Glory* proceeds from *Labour*: and the *Mechanical*, by their *publick* and *continual toyling*, ſeem openly to *proclaim*, that they expect little *Glory* without *Labour*.

Grammatica. *Grammar* hath called all her *Jury* of *Parts of Speech* under *Examination*, and they all with one conſent, give in this *Verdict*, that, They that *decline* Labour can in no wiſe *attain* to Glory.

Rhetorica. *Rhetorick* preſently cites her *Demoſthenes* for an Example, who though at firſt he could not *pronounce* the *firſt letter* of her *Name*, yet afterwards by his *Labour* came to a wonderful *height* of *Glory*.

Logica. *Logick* tells us, No man will *deny* it, but he that is ſo *abſurd* to deny *concluſions*.

Muſica. *Muſick* harps upon no other *ſtring* but the *truth* of this *Sentence*.

Arithmetica. *Arithmetick* eſteems it as *true* as her *Golden-Rule*.

Geometry

Geometry holds it as true as any of *Euclides* propoſitions, and is ready to *Demonſtrate* it by a *Diagramme.* *Geometria.*

Aſtronomy is ſo *convinced* of the *evidence* of this *truth*, that ſhe complains, the *brightneſs* of it *out-ſhines* her *Stars.* *Aſtronomia.*

Now ſince this is the ſpeech of the *Liberal Sciences*, certainly the *Mechanical* were if they were permitted to ſpeak would not contradict them! *Collectio, Illatio ſive à Majore.*

He that can *count* the *Stars* of the *Skie*, or the *Sands* on the *Lybian ſhore*; let him go count the *Honours* and *Glory* which *Labour* doth bring forth. *Aſteiſmus.*

The *Honours* that proceed from *Labour* are *more* then the *Sands* of the *Sea*, *Stars* of the *Skie*, *Hairs* of the *Head*, *Drops* of *Rain*, *Pellets* of *Hail*, *Flakes* of *Snow*, *Drops* of *Dew*, *Leaves* of *Trees*, *Boughs* of *Forreſts*, *Blades* of *Graſs*, *Ears* of *Corn*, *Birds* of the *Air*, *Fiſhes* of the *Sea*, *Flowers* of the *Spring*, *Apples* of *Autumn*, *Summer's Flies*, *Summer's Ants*, *Motes* *Collatio ad minus.* *Auxeſis Hyperbolica.* *Obiter variatur* Multi.

in the *Sun*, *Bees* in *Hybla*, *Billows* of the *Carpathian Sea*, &c.

Collatio ad minus. To bring forth *Glory* and not by *Labour* would be a greater work, then the twelve *Labours* of *Hercules*.

Admiratio. O what a ſtrange *ſight* would it be to ſee *Glory*, and not brought forth by *Labour*!

Confirmatio & Amplificatio per præfationem, Hyperbolicam, & formas generales.

Who can expreſs
What tongue can expreſs
No words can expreſs
Who can count
No Tongue can count
No Arithmetick *can number*

} the infinite *Honours* that come from *Labour*.

Auxeſis.

I am not able to expreſs,
No Eloquence is able to expreſs,
It is not to tell,
It is wonderfull to tell,
It is not to be believed,
It is beyond belief,
It tranſcends a ſtrong belief,

} how much *Labour* gives occaſion for *Glory*.

It

It is not to think,
No man can in mind conceive,
You can ſcarce believe,
} how much, *Labour* gives occaſion for *Glory.*

Even to a Proverb,
It hath the place of a Proverb,
It is inſtead of a Proverb,
It is become a Proverb,
It hath obtained the force of a Proverb,
It hath crept into the number of Proverbs,
It is an Adage of a received authority,
It is a ſaying as true, as old
} *Labour* bringeth forth *Glory.*

I will never again believe *mine own*, nor the *judgment* of all the *Ancient*; if *Glory* can be obtained but by *Labour*. *Amplificatio & Confirmatio per Aſſeverationem.*

If *Glory* doth not ariſe from *Labour* I know not from whence it doth.

Never believe, but that *Glory* is the companion of *Labour*. *Cave credas.*

It is a *Truth approved* by the *consent* of *all* men,

It is a *Truth*, *manifest* even to *blind* men,

It is a thing *so plain*, as nothing can be *plainer*; so *certain*, as nothing can be *more certain*;

Paradiastole. Metaphora. It is a *Truth* so *apparent*, and *evident*, that it seems *writ* not with *Ink*, but with the *Beams of the Sun*;

It is a matter *out of question*, and needs *no dispute*;

It is a *Truth approved of*, by the *Judgment* and *Testimony* of the *whole World*,

It is *as true*, as either *Jove's*, or *Apollo's Oracle*,

It is *as true*, as the *Ammonian*, *Dodonean*, or *Delphick Oracle*,

Apollo never answered *truer* from his *tripos*, than

that where *Labour* goes before, *Glory* is not far behind.

It

It is a *Truth*, that requires not *many words*, or a *long Oration* to confirm it,

It appears *more clearly* then the *midday-Sun*,

The *Sun* needs no *other light*, that it may be *ſeen*; nor a *Trumpet* to proclaim the *brightneſs* of his *Beams*; ſo is it in this *evident* Truth,

He *lights a Candle in the Sun-ſhine*, that goes about to *explain this* Truth;

It is a *Truth*, than which what can be *more certain?* what more *plain?*

It is a *Truth* ſo *out of all Controverſy*, that he that would prove it, may go tell men, The *Sun ſhines*, when he *triumphs* in his *meridian*-Glory.

He muſt be either of great *boldneſs*, or *very* little *wit*, that denies,

He that *ſeriouſly* conſiders it, is *blind*, if he do *not ſee*; *obſtinate*, if *ſeeing* he do not *confeſs*;

that *Glory* accompanies *Labour*.

Aſteiſmus.

Enantiôſis.

Hypotheſis.

Who

Amplificatio per Confutationem & primò per Interrogationem.

Who is ſo *blind*, as not to *ſee*?
Who is ſo *impudent*, that he dares *deny*?
What *impudence* is it, not to *confeſs*?
Who doth not *underſtand*?
Who, but a *Mad-man*, would *deny*?
Who lives in ſuch *Cymmerian darkneſs*, that he doth not *ſee*, and *confeſs*?
Who, except he have his *Brains in his Heels*, will deny?
Who, except he have his *ſoul* inſtead of *ſalt*, will deny?
Can *Impudence* her ſelf ſo put off *all ſhame*, as to *deny*?

} that *Labour* } promotes *Glory*.

Nothing is more frequent in *Orators*, *Poets*, *Hiſtorians*; than,
None, but the moſt impudent man in the World, can deny;

} that *Glory* follows *Labour*;

Let

Let him affirm with that doting *Philoſopher*, that *Snow* is *black*, who denies; — *Aſteiſmus.*

It were better to deny all things, than this one;

He ſhould be *cudgell'd* into belief, and confuted with *club-Arguments*, who denies; — *Allegoria.*

One *Democritus* will not ſuffice, to laugh at his Folly, who denies; — that *Glory* is the *ſhadow* to *Labours* body. *Hyperbole.*

An acre of *Hellebore* will not cure him, that denies;

Give him ſome *Hellebore* to purge his Brain, that will not confeſs;

He underſtands little, that doth not know;

He doth not *ſpeak*, but *bray* like an Aſs, that denies; — *Paradiaſtole.*

No man's *Noſe* is ſo *ſtopt* but he eaſily *ſmels* out this;

Send him to *Bedlam*,

as a man, that hath a *Vertigo* in his Brain, who denies;

Collatio They are but as *Sibyll's leaves*, whatſoever are *objected againſt* this *Truth*,

The *Arguments againſt* this *Truth* are *lighter* and *vainer* than the *leaves* of the *Sibylls*,

Metaphora. They are but *Ropes of ſand*, *Towers* of *Lamia*, *Old-wive's Tales*, *vain Dreams*, that men *prattle againſt* this *Truth*;

Metaphora. There is neither *crumb*, nor *drop* of *ſenſe*, or *reaſon*, in thoſe things, that are *ſpoken againſt* this *Truth*,

Similitudo As one ſaid of the *Nightingal*, *ſhe was a Voyce*, *Protaſis.* *and nothing elſe*; ſo they *Apodoſis.* are *words*, and *wind*, and *no more*, that are *objected againſt* this *Truth*,

Paradiaſtole. It comes not from *Apollo's Tripos*, but the *Old-Wive's Trivet*, whatſo-

that there can ſcarce be *Labour* without *Glory*, or *Glory* without *Labour*.

ever

ever is *muttered* againſt *this Truth*,

Let him be *rich*, *let* him be *noble*, *let* him be *great*, *let* him be *what you will*; *fool* he muſt needs be, and *fool-hardy* too, that dares *mutter* againſt this *Truth*, — *Epitrope.*

I *could wiſh* my ſelf a *Squinancy* to ſtop his *ſaucy chaps*, which dare *bark* againſt this *Truth*, — *Metaphora.*

If he be not *blind enough*, make him *blinder*, that doth not *ſee*, and *acknowledge* this *palpable* Truth, — that *Labour* ends in *Glory*. — *Hypotheſis Ironica & Sarcaſtica.*

He muſt either *ſhut* his *eies*, or *put* them *out*, to whom the *light* of *this* Truth doth not *clearly ſhine*,

He is *hardened* againſt *all* Truth, that denies *this manifeſt* Truth,

Let him go *deny Principles*, that will not *confeſs* this *Maxim*, — *Aſteiſmus.*

He muſt have a *Forehead* of *Braſs*, a *Brain*

of

of *Lead*; and a *Tongue* of *Iron*, that dares contradict *ſo confeſſed* a Truth,

Metonymia Adjuncti. *Rubb over* your *Forehead*, Impudence, and dare to deny; } that *Labour* ends in *Glory.*

Confirmatio ab Exemplo Poetico. Do you *deſire* that this may yet be *made* more *plain* by an *Example?*

Hercules. Conſider *Hercules*, who by his *many* and infinite *Labours* which he with much *patience* undertook, got not only great *Fame* and *Glory* amongſt men while he lived, but *immortal glory* amongſt the *gods*, when he *died* being received into their *number* and *Society.*

Ab Exemplo Hiſtorico. Cleanthes. Or if you *deſire* a more familiar *Example* look upon *Cleanthes*, who when he *had not* where withall to *pay* his *Teachers*, he *drew water* in the *night*, and ſo earned *money* to *give* to thoſe that *taught* him *Philoſophy* on the day. By which his *Labour* and *Pains* he became a moſt Excellent and Famous *Philoſopher*, and his very *Name* carries in it, *The Flower of Glory.*

For

For the *Teſtimonies* and judgments of *ancient writers* in this point, I could be more then *infinite*. *Confirmatio à teſtimonio.*

The *gods* have ſet *Sweat* before *Virtue*, ſaith *Heſiod* that *ancient*, yet *true Poet*. *Heſiod.*

Labour is the *Father* of a *good report* ſaith *Euripides*, the grave *Tragedian*. *Euripides.*

He that refuſeth *Labour* condemneth himſelf, as *unworthy* of all *good things*; for *whatſoever* is at all *good*, is got by *Labour*, as *Epicharmus* an ancient *Authour* writes. *Epicharmus.*

Neither a *woman* without a *man*, nor *good hope* without *Labour* can bring forth any *profitable* thing, ſaith *Socrates*, judged by *Apollo's* oracle the *wiſeſt* of men. *Socrates.*

And if you look upon the *contrary* on *Idleneſs*; what ſhall you find? *Plato* that *grave Philoſopher* will tell you *Idleneſs* is a *living death*; and that a man, while he *ſleepes*, is no more *worth* then if he were *dead*. *à Contrario* *Plato.*

Amplificatio à tropis & figuris ſive dictionis, ſive Sententiæ.

Labour breeds *no contempt.*

Labour brings forth *no infamy.*

Labour doth not end in *ignominy.*

Shame

Litotes. *Shame* and *contempt* do not uſe to follow *Labour* and *induſtry.*

Meiôſis *Tapinôſis.* O take heed of *Labour*, you ſhall get *nothing* by *that*, bnt *loſs* of *time* and infamie: *Yes indeed* I am in earneſt, *am I not*, think you?

Ironia.

Allegoria. *Glorie's harveſt* comes from *Labours tillage.*

Metaphora. *Labour* is the *Gentleman-uſher* of *Glory.*

Epizeuxis { *Labour*, *labour* it is, that Glory brings: And adds more *Pearls* unto the *Crowns* of *Kings.*

Anadiplôſis { By Labour's *ladder* glory doth *aſcend*: *Aſcend*, till *heaven* doth her *Aſpiring* end.

Anaphora. { *Labour* breeds Glory: *Labour* raiſeth *Fame:* *Labour* gives Honours, *Labour* gives *Good-name.*

Epiſtrophe. { As *corn* growes *none*, without *Labour* and *pain:* So *Glorie's* gone, without *Labour* and *pain.*

What

What *Glorye's* that? doth not from *Labour* grow:
What *Honours* that? doth not from *Labour* flow. *Symploce.*

Glory comes after: *Labour's* ſhade is *Glory.* *Epanalepſis.*

Labour breeds *Fame:* and *Fame,* by *Labour* bred,
Advanceth *Labour:* Labour crowns *Fame's* head. *Epanodos.*

Labour is the beſt *fruit* and *proviſion* of *Old age,* the *Ornament* of the *Green-head,* the *Crown* of the *Hoary-haire;* the moſt *bitter meat* in the *firſt taſt,* the *ſweeteſt* in the laſt *relliſh;* the *Wiſedome* of *Young men,* the *Praiſe* of *Old;* and the *gods money* for which they *ſell* all *good things* to *Mortals.* *Hypotypoſis Deſcriptio. Pragmatographia periphraſis.*

Labour doth not only *prevent* ſhame and *infamy,* but bringeth *Glory* and *Honour.* *Parodiaſtole.*

Labour commends *Glory* by its *difficulty,* and *Glory* honours *Labour* by its *dignity.* *Enantiôſis.*

Glory is not *glory* which is not *ſweetned* with the *pleaſure* of the by-paſt *Labour.* *Synœciôſis.*

Inglorious

Oxymoron. *Inglorious* is that *glory* that hath not a *taſt* of *ſweetneſs* even from the *aſperity* of that *Labour* by which it was *procured*

Ætiologia. *Labour* muſt *needs* bring forth *Glory*, becauſe *Glory* is faſtned to the *heels* of *Labour*.

Epitrope. Let *Labour* be *troubleſome*, *I confeſs* it: let it be *loathſome*, I do not deny it: let it be *unwelcome* to humane nature, *I grant* it: yet it *brings* forth *Fame* and *Glory*, and *Immortality*.

Climax incrementum. *Labour* hath *raiſed* from the earth, *magnified* amongſt men, *advanced* to the *Stars*, placed amongſt the *gods*.

Erotêſis. *What* words? *What* tongue? *What* eloquence can *ſufficiently* expreſs the *celebrity* of that *Glory* which comes from *Labour*?

Ecphoneſis. O the *incredible* fruit and *benefit* of *Labour* which alwaies ends in *Glory* and *Honour*!

Epiphonêma. *Labour* is even *able* to make men *gods*: ſuch and *ſo great* is the *force* of *Labour*.

Epanorthôſis. *Labour* never bringeth forth any infamy, *infamy did I ſay?* nay, it alwaies brings great *Honour* and *Glory*.

Labour

Labour brings forth *Glory*, as appears from —— but I will not *trouble* you with such known *Examples*. *Aposiopêsis.*

Glory, *Fame*, *Honour*, *Dignity*, *good Name*, *Reputation*, *Esteem*, proceed from *Labour*. *Hirmos Asyndeton Dialyton.*

So infamy *and* shame *and* ignominy *and* reproach, contempt *and* obloquie, poverty *and* calamity proceed from *Idleness*. *Hirmos Polysyndeton.*

Labour brings forth *Glory*, I do not tell you withall, that it brings forth *Wealth*, *Knowledge*, &c. *Apophasis.*

Labour brings forth *Glory*, to let pass her other *Fruits*, and *Benefits*. *Paralipsis.*

Who have not *heard with their Ears* of thousands, and who have not *seen with their Eyes* infinite numbers? which by *Labour* have *ascended* to the highest *top* of *Glory*. *Pleonasmus.*

Labour (*but who knows not that*) brings forth *Glory*. *Parenthesis.*

Many of *mean Births* and no *Fortune's*, men in the *Eyes* of the *World*, of *no hopes* or *reckoning*, have by *Labour* attained to such an height of *Glory*, *Wealth*, *Wisdome*, *Learning*, and *Knowledge*, that they have become

become the principal men in the
Apoſtrophe. Common-wealth, *O Labour*, how *bitter* is thy *beginning*! How *ſweet* and *fruitful* is thy *end*! *O Idleneſs*! how *pleaſant* and *delightful* art thou in the *beginning*, how *ſhameful* and *ignominious* in the *end*!

Aporia *What* ſhall I do? *which way* ſhall I turn me? *how ſhall* I order the courſe of my Oration? *Into what* harveſt ſhall I thruſt my ſicle? *Shall I* go to the *Poets*? There I meet with *Homer*, *Heſiod*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Horace*. Shall I betake my ſelf to the *Oratours*? there I meet with *Demoſthenes*, *Æſchines*, *Cicero*, *Hortenſius*, *Cæſar*, *Craſſus*, *Brutus*. If I take a journey to the *Hiſtorians*, there meet me *Herodotus*, *Thucydides*, *Plutarch*, *Livie*, *Tacitus*, *Saluſt*. If I come to the *Philoſophers*, there compaſſe me about, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, with innumerable *ſwarms* of divers *Sects*. *Dare* I go into the *Army* amongſt *Souldiers*, there meet me legions, *Alexander*, *Epaminondas*, *Themiſtocles*, *Cæſar*, *Pompey*, *Cato*, *Scipio*, *Hannibal*. And all theſe by *Labour* have *purchaſed* to themſelves an immortal *Name* and *Glory*.

Tell

Tell me, ô *Hercules*, By what *ſteps* didſt thou *aſcend* into *Heaven*? how, I pray thee, didſt thou become ſo *famous* and *glorious*? though thou thy ſelf holdeſt thy peace, yet thy *example* at this day tells us loud enough, that thou by thy truly *Herculean labour*, becam'ſt ſo *renowned*. I could call thee to witneſſe, *O Plato*, thee *O Ariſtotle*, thee *O Socrates*, thee *O Cleanthes*; but I forbear. *Anacœnoſis Communicatio.*

For methinks I hear *Hercules* himſelf *ſpeaking*, and you if you hearken attentively, may enjoy the *Benefit* of his *Speech*. O *vertue*, when I ſtood in the *Bivium*, and thou propoundedſt one way to me, *Pleaſure* another; how happy was my choyce! how happy was thy *eloquence*, which perſwaded me to go *this way*, though *troubleſome*, full of *labour* and *encombrances*; ſince in the end I *found* nothing but *eaſe* and *pleaſure*, glory and *delight*; and now am I a *God*, whereas if I had gone the way of *pleaſure*, I had bin a *ſtinking carkaſs*. *Proſopopoeia.*

But may ſome men ſay, Doth not *Riches*, *Wealth*, *Learning*, *Wiſdom*, procure glory? how then doth *labour* *Inverſio.*

only bring it forth? because *Riches*, *Wealth*, *Learning*, and *Wisdome* are Labour's *daughters*, and Glory is the *portion* he gives them.

Anthypophora Subjectio Prolepsis.

Labour, may some say, may be some *occasion* of *Glory*, in *some things* at *some times*, in *some men*; Nay, *Labour* and *Industry* can *never* miss of *Glory*.

Amplificatio per Impossibile: ubi obiter variantur Impossibile & Nunquam.

It is *Impossible*,
It is *not possible*,
How is it *possible?*
Can it be *possible?*
It *cannot be*
How *can* it be?
Can it be?
It *can by no means be*,
} but that *Labour* should bring forth *Glory*.

All things may sooner be, than } that *Glory* should not come from *Labour*.
What cannot sooner be, than }

It is not to be avoided, } but that *Labour* will end in *Glory*.
It is not to be refused, }
Can it be { avoided? / refused? } }

It

It *muſt needs* be, } that *Honor*
It *cannot but* be, } doth ariſe
How ſhould it otherwiſe be? *but* } from *Labour.*

Paræmia.

A *Wolfe* ſhall marry the *Sheep*,
A *Locuſt* ſhal bring forth an *Elephant*,
The *Sea* ſhall bring forth *Vines*,
The *Snayl* ſhall outrun the *Hare*, and the *Tortoyſe* the *Eagle*,
Brambles ſhall bring forth *Violets*, and Thorns *Roſes*,
The *Rivers* ſhall be carried towards their *Fountains*;
The *Fountains* themſelves ſhall *thirſt*,
The *Earth* ſhall fly,
The *Beetle* ſhall make honey, and the *Gnat* milk,
The *Crabs* ſhall go forward,
The *Nightingale* ſhall ceaſe to *Sing*,

} when *Labour* is not the forerunner of *Glory*.

The *Owle* ſhall ſing like the *Nightingale*,
The *Heavens* ſhall fall,
The *Earth* ſhall *aſcend* above the *Skie*,
Mountains ſhal be *tranſplaced*,
The *Mule* ſhall bring forth,
Water and *Fire* ſhall agree together,
The *Fire* ſhall be kindled with *Snow*,
A *Tempeſt* ſhall be *calmed* with a *ſong*,
The *Earth* ſhall be bored thorough,
The *Sun* ſhall change his courſe,
The *Loadſtone* ſhall turn from the *North*,
Groves ſhall grow on the *Waves*,
Sea-weeds ſhall be found on the *Mountains*,
The *Stars* ſhall fall,
The *motion* of each ſtarr ſhall be irregular,

when *Labour* miſſeth of *Glory*.

The

The *Day* ſhall be turned to *night*,
The *waters of the Sea* ſhall leave their *ſaltneſs*,
The *Sea* ſhall be plowed,
A *Crop* ſhall be reaped from the *Sand*,

Paſt moments ſhall be *recalled*,
The *Meadows* ſhall never more have *flowers*,
The *Heavens* ſhall want their *Stars*,
Day ſhall want *Light*,
No *ſweetneſs* ſhall be in *Roſes*,
The *Fiſh* ſhall burn in the *Ocean*,
No *Joy* ſhall be in *Heaven*, nor *Pain* in *Hell*,
The *Flames* ſhall *deſcend*,
The *Mountains* forgetting their weight ſhall fly as *Atoms* through the skie,

when *Glory* doth not *tread* on the *heels* of *Labour*.

The *Heavens* ſhall *reſt*,
The *Sun* and *Stars* ſhall ſhine together,
The *Pibbles* ſhall mount up to the *Stars*,
The *Earth* ſhall be *adorned* with *Stars*,
The *Flocks* ſhall invite the *Lions* to their *folds*,
The *Skies* ſhall endure the heavy *plough*,
The *Water* ſhall give *flames*, and *Fire* waters,
The *Sun* ſhall riſe in the *Weſt*,
The *Ants* ſhall leave their *induſtry*,
The *Bees* ſhall forget to make *Honey*,
Mænalian Hounds ſhall fly from the *Hare*,
Nature ſhall become *prepoſterous*,
No *Element* ſhall keep his proper ſeat,
Fire ſhall be *cold*, and *Water* ſhall give *heat*,

when *Labour* doth not conclude in *Glory*.

Sum-

Summer ſhall give *Snow*,
Does ſhall fright *Lions*,
The *Crows* ſhall fly through the Air *whiter then Snow*,
Swans ſhall be as *black* as *pitch*,
Oxen ſhall cut the *Aire* with their *wings*,
Marbles ſhall be ſofter then *Wax*,
The *Chickens* ſhall prey upon the *Kite*, and *Geeſe* upon the *Fox*.
The *Hare* ſhall chaſe the *Hound*, and the *Dove* the *Hawk*,

when *Labour* doth not conclude in *Glory*.

Whilſt *Sun* and *Stars* ſhall run their *courſe*,
While *Stars* ſhall embelliſh *Heaven*, and *Flowers* the *Earth*,
Whilſt *Neptune's* arms, ſhall embrace the earth,
Whilſt *Cynthia* ſhall renew her *Horns*,
Whilſt *Lucifer* foretells th' approaching *Morn*,

will *Glory* be the companion of *Labour*.

Amplificatio perpetuitatem veritatis, ubi obiter variantur, *Perpetuò* & *Semper*.

Whilſt *Arctos* ſhuns the *Sea*,
Whilſt *Mountains* give their *ſhades*,
Whilſt *Streams* their tribute to the *Ocean* pay,
Whilſt *Day* hath *Light*, and *Night* ſucceeds the *Day*,
Whilſt the *Summer* follows the *Spring*, and *Autumn* ſucceeds the *Summer*,
Whilſt the *Sun* caſts *light*, or the *Earth ſhadows*,
Whilſt the *Land* bounds the *Sea*, and *Air* the *Land*,
Whilſt the *Rivers* carrie *Waters*, or thoſe waters *Fiſhes*,
Whilſt the *Earth* hath *Trees*,
Whilſt the *Bore* loves the *tops* of *Mountains*,
Whilſt *Bees* love *thyme*, and *Bears honey*,

ever will *Glory* follow *Labour*.

Till

Till *time* and *memory* shall be no more,
Till *time* shall have no *plumes*,
Till *time* shall be as bald *before*, as he is *behind*,
Till *Time* shall be *swallowed* up by *Eternity*,
Till *Lachesis* have no more *thread* to draw,
† Till the *Woolfe* shall marry the *Sheep*,
Till the *Sun* shall *change* his *Course*,
Till the *Sun* shall *rise* in the *West*,
Till *day* shall want his *light*,
To the last *Syllable* of recorded *Time*;
Till *Time*, that gives *all* things *theirs*, shall have its own *End*;

will *Glory* follow *Labour*.

† Those Proverbial speeches which stand for *Never*, may by prefixing *Till* or *Until* stand for *Ever*, as appears by these Examples.

Much more might be said in this *point*, but I have *laboured* sufficienly: I will now sit down, and *expect* what *Glory* will follow.

Conclusio. Epilogus. Peroratio.

The

The ſixt and laſt Sentence.

Synonymia ſimplex.

THe *loſſe* of *Time* is *moſt miſerable.*
The *loſſe* of *Time* is moſt *lamentable.*
The *loſſe* of *Time* is moſt *ſad.*
The *loſſe* of *Time* is moſt *heavy.*
The *loſſe* of *Time* is moſt *mournful.*
The *loſſe* of *Time* is moſt *calamitous.*
The *loſſe* of *Time* is to be *bewayled.*
The *loſſe* of *Time* is *deplorable.*

Heteroſis partium orationis.

To *loſe Time* is to become *moſt miſerable.*

Iſodynamia periphraſtica.

He that *loſeth Time*, cannot *but* be *miſerable.*
The *loſs* of *Time* brings with it great *miſery.*
The way to the *greateſt miſery*, is the *loſſe* of *Time.*
There cannot be the *loſſe* of *Time*, without the *greateſt miſery.*
The *heavieſt* miſery *waits* upon the *loſſe* of *Time.*
Give me any *loſſe* but the *loſſe* of *Time.*
There is not any *loſſe* deſerves the *name* of *loſſe*, in *compariſon* of the *loſſe* of *Time.*
There are *very few* that have not *felt*

felt what a *miſery* it is to *loſe Time.*

Loſſe of *Time* is the *fore-runner* of the *greateſt miſery.*

The *loſſe* of *Time* ends in the *greateſt miſery.*

Greateſt *miſery* follows the *loſſe* of *Time.*

If *loſſe* of *Time* go before, *extreme miſery* is not farre *behind.*

The greateſt *miſery* is in the *loſſe* of *Time.*

The *loſſe* of *Time* is the *cauſe* of the greateſt *miſery.*

The *loſſe* of *Time* gives *occaſion* to unſpeakable *miſery.*

The *loſſe* of *Time* breeds incredible *calamity.*

No miſery to the *miſery* from the *loſſe* of *Time.* *Mutatio Affirmat.*

None can ſufficiently *bewayle* the *loſſe* of *Time.* *Negativa.*

No *loſſe* can bring more *miſery*, then the *loſs* of *Time.*

Nothing can be more *miſerable* then the loſſe of *Time.*

Nothing is *miſerable*, if not the *loſſe* of *Time.*

There is not auy thing can be more *miſerable* then the *loſs* of *Time.*

There

There is nothing but is leſſe *miſerable*, then the *loſs* of *Time*.

Nothing is *miſerable*, if the *loſs* of *Time* be not.

There is *nothing* ſo *miſerable* as the *loſs* of *Time*.

Heterôſis Activi Paſſivo.

Nothing *ſurpaſseth* the *loſs* of *Time* for *miſery*.

The *loſs* of *Time* is ſurpaſſed by *nothing* for *miſery*.

Erotesis ſive Interrogatio.

What is *miſerable*, if not the *loſs* of *Time*?

What is *miſerable*, but the *loſs* of *Time*?

What is *miſerable*? The *loſs* of *Time*.

What? is not the *loſs* of *Time* miſerable?

What is more *miſerable* then the *loſs* of *Time*?

What can be *more miſerable* then the *loſs* of *Time*?

Can any thing be more *miſerable* then the *loſs* of *Time*?

How ſhould any thing be more *miſerable* then the *loſſe* of *Time*?

Is there any thing ſo *miſerable* as the *loſs* of *Time*?

Hath the *wide World* any thing more

more *miſerable* then the *loſs* of *Time?*

In what *dark* and *blind corner* lyeth that thing, which is ſo *miſerable* as the *loſs of Time?*

What from *Eaſt* to *Weſt* is ſo *miſerable* as to *loſe Time?*

In what *ſecret* and unknown *region* lieth that thing, whoſe *loſs* is *equall* to the *loſs* of *Time?*

What *region* in the *earth* hath not known the *miſery* from the *loſs* of *Time?*

What is that at laſt, which is ſo *miſerable* as the *loſs* of *Time?*

Where ſhall we *find* that thing, that is more *miſerable* then the *loſs* of *Time?*

What *un-found Land* containes thoſe things, from whoſe *loſs* comes more *miſery*, then from the *loſs* of *Time?*

What new *America* not yet diſcovered, hath any thing ſo *miſerable* as the *loſs* of *Time?*

What unknown *Land* among the *Antipodes*, hath any thing ſo *miſerable* as the *loſs* of *Time?*

O the miſerable *loſs* of *Time!* *Ecphoneſis Exclamatio.*

O the

O the *intolerable*
O the *great*
O the *ſtrange*
O the *wonderful*
O the *incredible*
O the *ſingular*
O the *unſpeakable*
O the *unexpreſſible*
O the *inconceivable*
O the *innumerable*
O the *infinite*
O the *very many*

miſeries that *proceed* from the *loſſe* of *Time!*

Amiratio. *Good God!* how *miſerable* is the *loſſe* of *Time!*

Good gods! what *loſſe* can be *compared* to the *loſſe* of *Time!*

Immortall God! how many thouſands of *calamities* follow the *loſſe* of *Time!*

Immortal gods! what *loſſe* to be *bemoaned* with more *tears*, then the *loſſe* of *Time!*

Good lack! what an *incredible miſery* the *loſſe* of *Time* carries with it!

Oh! how is the *miſery* from the *loſſe* of *Time*, able to *break* an *heart* of *ſteel!*

Oh!

Oh! how true is that old ſaying, The *loſs* of *Time* is above all *loſs!*

O yee Gods above! how is the *miſery* in the *loſſe* of *Time known* only to *you alone!*

Oh all ye Gods and Goddeſſes! that rule the *motions* of *ſwift flying Time!* how well do you know, what it is to *loſe* his *pretious moments!*

Adjuratio: ſive Imprecatio.

Let me not live,
Let me die,
Let me not enjoy my health,
Let me periſh miſerably,
Let me be caſt to the Crows,
Let fortune frown upon me,
Let me never ſee a a good day
Let an ill Genius *wait upon me,*
Let nothing proſper with me,

If I think any thing more *miſerable* then the *loſſe* of *Time.*

So let the Muſes favour me,
So let the Gods love me,
So may the Heavens be propitious to me,
So may I ever be maſter of my deſire
So may all things that I undertake, have their wiſhed ſucceſſe.
So may fortune ever ſmile upon me,
So may good Angels guard me,

} As I think no *miſery* equall to that in the *loſſe* of *Time.*

Commiſeratio. *Alaſs!* the *loſſe* of *Time* is very *miſerable!*

Ah! how ſad is the *miſery* of the *loſſe* of *Time!*

Woe is me, what great *calamities* tread on the *heels* of the *loſſe* of *Time!*

O Grief! how are all *miſeries* ſurpaſſed in the *miſery* from the *loſſe* of *Time!*

Dubitatio. *I do much doubt*, whether there be any thing more *miſerable* then the *loſſe* of *Time!*

It

It is a very great *queſtion* to me, whether any *miſery* be *equall* to that from the *loſſe* of *Time*.

I am not certain, whether there be any thing, from whoſe *loſſe* greater *miſery* can *proceed*, then from the *loſſe* of *Time*.

I do not know what I ſhould ſay, whether that the *loſſe* of *Time* is *miſerable*, or *miſery* it ſelf.

It is a thing to me not free from all *controverſy*, whether the *miſery* in the *loſs* of *Time*, doth not *lighten* all other *miſery*.

Fie upon that intolerable *miſery* that follows the *loſſe* of *Time*? *Abominatio.*

Out upon all thoſe *unlucky* things that *occaſion* the *loſſe* of *Time*!

O ſhame! that men ſhould be ſo *careleſſe* in the uſe of *Time*.

When ſuch extream *miſery* followes the *loſs* of it.

Who can expreſs
What tongue can expreſs
No words can expreſs
Who can count
No Tongue can count
No Arithmetick *can number*

} The *miſerie* that *comes* from the *loſs* of *Time*.

Confirmatio & Amplificatio per præfationem Hyperbolicam, & formas generales.

I am not able to expreſs,
No Eloquence is able to expreſs,
It is not to tell,
It is wonderfull to tell,
It is not to be believed,
It is beyond belief,
It tranſcends a ſtrong belief to credit,
It is not to think,
No man can in mind conceive,
You can ſcarce believe,

How *miſerable* the *loſs* of *Time* is

Even to a Proverb,
It hath the place of a Proverb,
It's inſtead of a Proverb,
It is become a Proverb,
It hath obtained the force of a Proverb,
It hath crept into the number of Proverbs,
It is an Adage of a received authority,
It is a ſaying as true, as old

Nothing is more *miſerable* then the *loſs* of *Time.*

I will

I will never believe mine own, nor the *Judgement* of all the *Ancients*, if there be any thing more *miſerable*, then the *loſs* of *Time*. *Amplificatio per Aſſeverationem.*

If the *loſs of Time* be not moſt *miſerable*, I know not what is.

Never believe, but that the *loſs* of *Time* is moſt *miſerable*. *Cave credas.*

It is a *Truth approved* by the *conſent* of *all* men,
It is a *Truth*, *manifeſt* even to *blind* men,
It is a thing *ſo plain*, as nothing can be *plainer*; ſo *certain*, as nothing can be *more certain*;
It is a *Truth* ſo *apparent*, and *evident*, that it ſeems *writ* not with *Ink*, but with the *Beams of the Sun*;
It is a matter *out of queſtion*, and needs *no diſpute*;
It is a *Truth approved of*, by the *Judgment* and *Teſtimony* of the *whole World*,

that *nothing* is more *miſerable* then the *loſs* of *Time*. *Paradiaſtole.*

It is *as true*, as either *Jove's*, or *Apollo's Oracle*,

It is *as true*, as the *Ammonian*, *Dodonean*, or *Delphick Oracle*,

Apollo never answered any thing *truer* from his *tripos*, than

It is a *Truth*, that requires not *many words*, nor a *long Oration* to confirm it,

It appears *more clearly* then the *midday-Sun*,

The *Sun* needs no *other light*, that it may be *seen*; nor a *Trumpet* to proclaim the *brightness* of his *Beams*; so is it in this *evident* Truth,

He *lights a Candle in the Sun-shine*, that goes about to *explain this* Truth;

It is a *Truth*, than which what can be *more certain?* what more *plain?*

Asteismus. It is a *Truth* so *out of all Controversy*, that he that would prove it, may go tell men, The *Sun shines*, when he *triumphs*

That the *misery* from the *loss* of *Time* is the extreamest of *misery*.

He

in his *meridian*-Glory.

He muſt either be of very great *boldneſs*, or *very* little *wit*, that denies,

He that *ſeriouſly* conſiders it, is *blind*, if he do *not ſee*; *obſtinate*, if *ſeeing* he do not *confeſs*;

Who is ſo *blind*, as not to *ſee*?

Who is ſo *impudent*, that he dares *deny*?

What *impudence* is it, not to *confeſs*?

Who doth not *underſtand*?

Who, but a *Mad-man*, would *deny?*

Who lives in ſuch *Cymmerian darkneſs*, that he doth not *ſee*, and *confeſs?*

Who, except he have his *Brains in his Heels*, will deny?

Who, except he have his *ſoul* inſtead of *ſalt*, will deny?

Can *Impudence* her ſelf ſo put off *all ſhame*, as to *deny?*

Enantioſis.

Hypotheſis.

Amplificatio per Confutationem & primo per Interrogationem.

That no *miſery* is comparable to the *miſery* from the *loſs* of *Time.*

Nothing is more frequent in *Orators*, *Poets*, *Historians*; than,

None, but the moſt impudent man in the World, can deny;

Aſteiſmus. Let him affirm with that doting *Philoſopher*, that *Snow* is *black*, who denies;

It were better to deny all things, than this one;

He ſhould be *cudgell'd* into belief, and confuted

Metaphora. with *club-Arguments*, who denies;

One *Democritus* will not ſuffice, to laugh at his Folly, who denies;

Ironia. Give him ſome *Hellebore* to purge his Brain, that will not confeſs;

Hyperbole An acre of *Hellebore* will not cure him, that denies;

He underſtands little, that doth not know;

Parodi-aſtole. He doth not *ſpeak*, but *bray* like an Aſs, that denies;

Allegoria. No man's *Noſe* is ſo

that thouſand *miſeries* follow the *loſs* of *Time*.

ſtopt

ſtopt but he eaſily *ſmels* out this;

Send him to *Bedlam*, as a man, that hath a *Vertigo* in his Brain, who denies;

They are but as *Sibyll's leaves*, whatſoever are *objected againſt* this *Truth*,

The *Arguments againſt* this *Truth* are *lighter* and *vainer* than the *leaves* of the *Sibylls*,

They are but *Ropes* of *ſand*, *Towers* of *Lamia*, *Old-wive's Tales*, *vain Dreams*, that men *prattle againſt* this *Truth*;

There is neither *crumb*, nor *drop* of *ſenſe*, or *reaſon*, in thoſe things, that are *ſpoken againſt* this *Truth*,

As one ſaid of the *Nightingal*, *ſhe was a Voyce, and nothing elſe*; ſo they are *words*, and *wind*, and *no more*, that are *objected againſt* this *Truth*,

It comes not from *Apollo's*

Collatio

that no *miſery* is equal to that from the *loſs* of *Time*.

Metaphora.

Metaphora.

Similitudo

Protaſis.

Apodoſis.

Paradiaſtole.

pollax Tripos, but the *Old-Wive's Trivet*, whatſoever is *muttered* againſt *this Truth*,

Epitrope. Let him be *rich*, *let* him be *noble*, *let* him be *great*, *let* him be *what you will*; *fool* he muſt needs be, and *fool-hardy* too, that dares *mutter* againſt this *Truth*,

Metaphora. I *could wiſh* my ſelf a *Squinancy* to ſtop his *ſaucy chaps*, which dare *bark* againſt this *Truth*,

If he be not *blind enough*, make him *blinder*, that doth not *ſee*, and *acknowledge* this *palpable* Truth,

He muſt either *ſhut* his *eies*, or *put* them *out*, to whom the *light* of *this* Truth doth not *clearly ſhine*,

He is *hardened* againſt *all* Truth, that denies *this manifeſt* Truth,

Aſteiſmus. *Let* him go *deny Principles*, that will not *confeſs* this *Maxim*,

that the *loſs* of *Time* is the cauſe of the greateſt *miſery*.

He

He muſt have a *Forehead* of *Braſs*, a *Brain* of *Lead*; and a *Tongue* of *Iron*, that dares contradict *ſo confeſſed* a Truth,

Rubb over your *Forehead*, Impudence, and dare to deny;

} that the *loſs* of *Time* is the cauſe of the greateſt *miſery*.

Metonymia Adjuncti.

It is *Impoſſible*,
It is *not poſſible*,
How is it *poſſible?*
Can it be *poſſible?*
It *cannot be*
How *can* it be?
Can it be?
It *can by no means be*,

} That any *loſs* ſhould be ſo calamitous as the *loſs* of *Time*.

Ampliſicatio per Impoſſibile ubi obiter variantur. Impoſſibile & Nunquam.

All things may ſooner be,
What cannot ſooner be,

} then a loſs, like *loſs* of *Time*.

It is not to be avoided,
It is not to be refuſed,
Can it be { avoided? / refuſed? }

} but that the loſs of *Time* will be the moſt *miſerable*.

It

It *muſt needs* be,
It *cannot but* be,
How ſhould it otherwiſe be? *but* } that the *loſſe* of *Time* is moſt *lamentable.*

Paræmia. A *Wolfe* ſhall marry the *Sheep*,
A *Locuſt* ſhal bring forth an *Elephant*,
The *Sea* ſhall bring forth *Vines*,
The *Snayl* ſhall outrun the *Hare*, and the *Tortoyſe* the *Eagle*,
Brambles ſhall bring forth *Violets*, and Thorns *Roſes*,
The *Rivers* ſhall be carried towards their *Fountains*,
The *Fountains* themſelves ſhall *thirſt*,
The *Earth* ſhall fly,
The *Beetle* ſhall make honey, and the *Gnat* milk,
The *Crabs* ſhall go forward,
The *Nightingale* ſhall ceaſe to *Sing*,

} when he that loſeth *Time* is moſt *miſerable.*

The

The *Owle* ſhall ſing like the *Nightingale*,
The *Heavens* ſhall fall,
The *Earth* ſhall *aſcend* above the *Skie*,
Mountains ſhal be *tranſplaced*,
The *Mule* ſhall bring forth,
Water and *Fire* ſhall agree together,
The *Fire* ſhall be kindled with *Snow*,
A *Tempeſt* ſhall be *calmed* with a *ſong*,
The *Earth* ſhall be bored thorough,
The *Sun* ſhall change his courſe,
The *Loadſtone* ſhall turn from the *North*,
Groves ſhall grow on the *Waves*,
Sea-weeds ſhall be found on the *Mountains*,
The *Stars* ſhall fall,
The *motion* of each ſtarr ſhall be irregular,

when the heavieſt *miſery* attends not the *loſſe* of *Time*.

The

The *Day* ſhall be turned to *night*,
The *waters of the Sea* ſhall leave their *ſaltneſs*
The *Sea* ſhall be plowed,
A *Crop* ſhall be reaped from the *Sand*,
Paſt moments ſhall be *recalled*,
The *Meadows* ſhall never more have *flowers*,
The *Heavens* ſhall want their *Stars*.
Day ſhall want *Light*,
No *ſweetneſs* ſhall be in *Roſes*,
The *Fiſh* ſhall burn in the *Ocean*,
No *Joy* ſhall be in *Heaven*, nor *Pain* in *Hell*,
The *Flames* ſhall *deſcend*,
The *Mountains* forgetting their weight ſhall fly as *Atoms* through the skie,

} when the *loſſe* of *Time* doth not go before the greateſt *miſery*.

The

The *Heavens* ſhall *reſt*,
The *Sun* and *Stars* ſhall ſhine together,
The *Pibbles* ſhall mount up to the *Stars*,
The *Earth* ſhall be *adorned* with *Stars*,
The *Flocks* ſhall invite the *Lions* to their *folds*,
The *Skies* ſhall endure the heavy *plough*,
The *Water* ſhall give *flames*, and *Fire* waters,
The *Sun* ſhall riſe in the *Weſt*,
The *Ants* ſhall leave their *induſtry*,
The *Bees* ſhall forget to make *Honey*,
Mænalian Hounds ſhall fly from the *Hare*,
Nature ſhall become *prepoſterous*,
No *Element* ſhall keep his proper ſeat,
Fire ſhall be *cold*, and *Water* ſhall give *heat*,

when the *loſſe* of *Time* can be without the greateſt *miſery*.

Sum-

Summer ſhall give *Snow*,
Does ſhall fright *Lions*,
The *Crows* ſhall fly through the Air *whiter then Snow*,
Swans ſhall be as *black* as *pitch*,
Oxen ſhall cut the *Aire* with their *wings*,
Marbles ſhall be ſofter then *Wax*,
The *Chickens* ſhall prey upon the *Kite*, and *Geeſe* upon the *Fox*.
The *Hare* ſhall chaſe the *Hound*, and the *Dove* the *Hawk*,

} when the *loſs* of *Time* can be without the greateſt *miſery*.

Amplificatio perpetuitatem veritatis, ubi obiter variantur, *Perpetuò* & *Semper*.

Whilſt *Sun* and *Stars* ſhall run their *courſe*,
While *Stars* ſhall embelliſh *Heaven*, and *Flowers* the *Earth*,
Whilſt *Neptune's* arms, ſhall embrace the earth,
Whilſt *Cynthia* ſhall renew her *Horns*,
Whilſt *Lucifer* foretells th' approaching *Morn*,

} will the *loſs* of *Time* be moſt *miſerable*.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Arctos* ſhuns the *Sea*,
Whilſt *Mountains* give their *ſhades*,
Whilſt *Streams* their tribute to the *Ocean* pay,
Whilſt *Day* hath *Light*, and *Night* ſucceeds the *Day*,
Whilſt the *Summer* follows the *Spring*, and *Autumn* ſucceeds the *Summer*,
Whilſt the *Sun* caſts *light*, or the *Earth ſhadows*,
Whilſt the *Land* bounds the *Sea*, and *Air* the *Land*,
Whilſt the *Rivers* carrie *Waters*, or thoſe waters *Fiſhes*,
Whilſt the *Earth* hath *Trees*,
Whilſt the *Bore* loves the *tops* of *Mountains*,
Whilſt *Bees* love *thyme*, and *Bears honey*,

} will be moſt *miſerable*, the *loſs* of *Time*

Till

Till *time* and *memory* shall be no more,
Till *time* shall have no *plumes*,
Till *time* shall be as bald *before*, as he is *behind*,
Till *Time* shall be *swallowed* up by *Eternity*,
Till *Lachesis* have no more *thread* to draw,
† Till the *Woolfe* shall marry the *Sheep*,
Till the *Sun* shall *change* his *Course*,
Till the *Sun* shall *rise* in the *West*,
Till *day* shall want his *light*,
To the last *Syllable* of recorded *Time*;
Till *Time*, that gives *all* things *theirs*, shall have his *End*;

will nothing equall the *misery* in the *loss* of *Time*.

† Those Proverbial speeches which stand for *Never*, may by prefixing *Till* or *Until* stand for *Ever*, as appear by these Examples.

Distributio partium.

The *liberall Scienees* acknowledge the *misery* in the *loss* of *Time*, and the *Mechanical arts* are not *ignorant* of it.

Gram-

Grammar accounts the *losse* of all her *Tenses*, not comparable to the *losse* of one *moment* of *Time*. *Grammatica.*

Rhetorick desires to expresse the *misery* of the *losse* of *Time* to the full, but finds it *loss of Time to undertake it*. *Rhetorica.*

Logick, from every *Common-place* proffers a solid *argument* to *prove*, that the *misery* of the *loss* of *Time*, hath no *compeer*. *Logica.*

Musick knowes what a *misery* it is to *lose Time*, by her *keeping Time*. *Musica.*

Arithmetick went to count the *miseries* that do proceed from the *loss* of *Time*, but found them *infinite*. *Arithmetica.*

Geometry imployes her self in finding the *proportion*, that the *loss* of *Time* bears to all other *losses*; and the *loss* of *Time* in *one Scale*, out-weighs all *losses* in the *other*. *Geometria.*

Astronomy confesseth that every *moment* is worth a *Star*, and that the losse of all the *Starres* is not to be compared to the *loss* of *Time*. *Astronomia.*

Illatio à majori. If the *Liberal Sciences* thus freely confeſſe the *miſery* in the *loſs* of *Time*, I hope the *Mechanicall* will not contradict them.

Aſteiſmus. He that can count the *Starres* of the *Sky*, or the *ſand* of the *Lybian* ſhore; let him go count the *miſeries* that come from the *loſs* of *Time*.

Collatio ad minus. The miſeries that proceed from the *loſs* of *Time*, are *more* then the *Sands* of the *Sea*, *Stars* of the *Skie*, *Hairs* of the *Head*, *Drops* of *Rain*, *Pellets* of *Haile*, *Flakes* of *Snow*, *Drops* of *Dew*, *Leaves* of the *Trees*, *Boughs* of the *Forreſts*, *Blades* of *Graſſe*, *Ears* of *Corn*, *Birds* of the *Aire*, *Fiſhes* of the *Sea*, *Apples* of *Autumn*, *Flowers* of the *Spring*, *Summer's Flies*, *Summer's Ants*, *Motes* in the *Sun*, *Bees* in *Hybla*, *Billowes* of the *Sea*.

Auxeſis Hyperbolica.

Obiter variatur Multi.

Collatio ad minus. To find a thing from whoſe loſſe *greater* miſery can proceed, then from the *loſſe* of *Time*, would be a *Work* greater then all *Hercules's* 12. *labours*.

Admiratio. *O what* a *ſtrange* ſight would it be to ſee any thing, whoſe

loſs

loſs is *greater* then the *loſs* of *Time.*

The *loſs* of *Time* is no *ſmall* loſſe. *Amplificatio à tropis & figuris ſive dictionis, ſive Sententiæ.*

The *loſſe* of *Time* is not to be *neglected.* *Litotes.*

The *loſs* of *Time* brings *no ſmall calamity* with it. *Meiôſis tapinôſis.*

The *loſs* of *Time* is *no contemptible* loſſe.

What great loſſe can there be in *Time*? *Time* is but a *little flying minute*, and can there be ſo great loſſe (*forſooth*) in *ſo ſmall* a thing? *Ironia.*

Time is the World's univerſal *Recorder.* *Metaphora.*

Time, *Time*'s that pretious moment, which being *loſt*;
Cannot be *bought* again by *prayer*, or *coſt.* *Epizeuxis.*

Swift-courſing Time's feather'd with flying hours,
Hours, whoſe conſtant courſe all things devours. *Anadiplôſis*

Epiſtrophe.

Who would count ought a loſſe,
that knowes the *loſs of Time?*
He ſorrows knows enow, that
knows the *loſs of Time.*

Anaphora.

What meaſureth motion? *Time.*
Time nothing can recall.
So pretious is *Time*, *Time*'s loſſe
exceedeth all.

Symploce.

What *greater loſſe* can be? than
is from the *loſſe of Time.*
What *greater croſs* can be? than
the *loſs of Time.*

Epanalepſis.

Time all things tries; *truth*'s aged
Father's Time.

Epanodos.

Time is moſt *pretious*: great then
is his *loſs*,
Greater the *loſs*, the more *Time*'s
precious.

Paranomaſia.

Time's loſſe.

Fractura fractura.

A ſad croſſe.

Hypotupôſis perip.

Time is the moſt ancient *Artiſt*, the greateſt *Phyſician* of all *diſeaſes*, the eternal *Clock*, the *Univerſall Juſtice* that *tries* all things, the *unentangler* of all *knots*, the moſt precious moment, Father of truth; and how ſhould not the *loſs* of this be moſt

moſt *miſerable!*

The *miſery* from the *loſs* of *Time*, is not only *ſad* and *heavie*, but carries with it the *height* of *miſery*. *Paradiaſtole.*

Other *loſſes* may be *born with*, the *loſs* of *Time* is *intolerable*. *Enantiôſis.*

Loſs is not *loſs*, compared to the *loſs* of *Time*. *Synœceiôſis.*

Loſſes are *loſs-leſs*, if you look at the *loſs* of *Time*. *Oxymoron.*

The *loſs* of *Time* muſt needs be moſt *miſerable*, becauſe Time is moſt precious, and the loſſe *irrecoverable*. *Ætiologia.*

Let other *loſſes* be *great*, let them be *ſad*; let them be *heavie*; they can never be ſo *miſerable*, as is the *loſs* of *Time*. *Epitrope.*

The *loſs* of *Time* brings not only *care*, *trouble*, *vexation*, *diſtraction*, but even *extreme miſery*. *Climax.*

What *Tongue?* what *Words?* what *Eloquence?* what *Rhetorick?* what *Cicero?* what *Demoſthenes?* can ſet out the *miſery* from the *loſs* of *Time*. *Erotêſis.*

O the *ineffable*, the *inconceivable* miſery in the *loſs* of *Time!* *Ecphoneſis.*

Other *loſſes* leave ſome *hope*, all *hope* flyes away with *Time*, ſo great *Ecphonêma.*

great is the *misery* in the *loss* of it!

Epanorthôsis. The *loss* of *Time* is *miserable*, what did I say? *miserable?* yea beyond all *expression*, *thought*, or *belief*, miserable.

Aposiopêsis. The *misery* in the *loss* of *Time* is so great, that———: but I leave it to your *conceits*, as *unable* to *express* it.

Hirmos Asyndeton Dialyton. *Poverty*, *Ignorance*, *Shame*, *Ignominy*, *Reproach*, *Calamity*, *Misery*, follow the *loss* of *Time*.

Hirmos Polysyndeton. But *Riches*, and *Knowledg*, *Wisdom* and *Honour*, *Dignity* and *Fame*, *Felicity* and *Happiness*, wait on the good *use* of *Time*.

Apophasis. The *loss* of *Time* is most miserable, *that I do not tell you* what other evils accompany it.

Paralipsis. Great is the misery in the *loss* of *Time*, *to let pass all* the *profits* that are *lost* with it.

Parenthesis. The *loss* of *Time*, (*alas it is too true*) drowns all other *losses*.

Pleonasmus. Who dare *mutter with his mouth* against this truth? that the losse of Time is most miserable.

Apostrophe As there is nothing more *precious*, nor more *profitable*, then the right

right *uſe* of *Time*; ſo can there be nothing more *miſerable* then the *loſs* of it. *O vile idleneſs!* how odious art thou to all wiſe ſouls, that doſt occaſion this loſſe and miſery!

Where ſhall I begin? or beginning, *where, or when* ſhall I make an end? that I may ſufficiently ſet forth unto you the *miſery* in the *loſs* of *Time? ſhall I begin* with the Antiquity of Time? with the Dignity? with the Uſe? with the Worth? All theſe would afford me matter: but I leave it to a *wiſer Artiſt.* *Aporia.*

Tell me, *O Thales, Bias, Socrates, Plato, Ariſtotle, Cicero, Demoſthenes, Philoſophers, Hiſtorians, Orators, Poets*; All learned men, Ancient, Modern, Have not you felt the miſery in the *loſſe* of *Time* your ſelves, and heard infinite others deploring with many tears the ſame calamities? *Anacœnoſis Communicatio.*

But *prick* up your *ears*, and give your ſtricteſt *attention*, and you ſhall *hear* wiſe *Socrates* himſelf gravely diſputing the matter. O the madneſſe and folly of the world! there is nothing more pre- *Proſopopœia*

cious than the right Uſe of Time, there is nothing more neglected. In other things which we count *precious*, we ſet *Keepers* to look to them; what madneſſe is it then, not only not to keep, but to conſume ſo *precious* a thing as *Time*? *Jewels*, and *Riches*, though loſt, may be recovered again, nothing can recover *Time*; which ſince it is ſo precious, that ſo much *Knowledge*, *Experience*, *Wealth*, *Wiſdom*, *Honour*, may be attained by it, and the loſſe of it irrecoverable, Who can deny, but that *loſſe of Time is moſt miſerable.*

Subjectio. Prolepſis. Anthypophora

The *loſſe* of *Time* may bring *ſome Sadneſſe*, Grief, and heavineſs of mind, may ſome man ſay; but to talk of the *higheſt miſery*, is ſomething *too much.* Alas, alas, thou neither knoweſt *what*, nor *of what* thou ſpeakeſt, *whoſoever* thou art; for if thou didſt truly underſtand what the *loſſe* of *Time* is, and the following *miſery*; thy *Speech* would be far *otherwiſe.*

Inverſio.

Time is but a *flying moment*, and what ſo great miſery can be in the loſſe of that? Yes: therefore

is

is the miſery *greater*, becauſe it is a *flying moment*; for there is leſſe hope to take hold of it, and *recall* it. Beſides, it is the more *precious*, becauſe it is but a *moment*, and yet in ſo *ſhort* a *ſpace* contains ſuch *worth*. Laſtly, it is a *moment*, on which depends *Eternity*; which addes to the *Dignity* of the *Moment*, and the *Miſery* of the *Loſſe*.

Compare the loſſe of *Health*, and *Wealth*, *Goods*, and *Good. Name*, *Honour* and *Friends*, whatſoever can be *dear* and *near* unto a man, to the *loſſe* of *Time*; and it will *out-weigh* not only any one of them, but all put together. *Collatio.*

Will you have this truth further appear by an *Example? Cato-Junior* was ſo *fearful* of the *loſs* of *Time*, and the following *miſery*, that he would not abſtain from *reading* Greek Books in the *Senate*. This made *Cato Major* learn *Greek*; and *Socrates* Muſick, in their *old age*. This made *Apelles* to cry out, *We have loſt a day*, if he had ſpent any day, without doing ſomething in his Art. *Confirmatio ab Exemplo* Catonis Minor. Catonis Major. Socratis. Apellis.

Do

A Teſtimonio. Do you deſire a further *Teſtimony?* let that of *Theophraſtus* be inſtead of all, who had alwayes this in his mouth. *Time* is a *precious* coſt, yet there is nothing which the *Vulgar* leſſe *regard.*

Epilogus Peroratio. Concluſio. But leſt I ſhould *I ſe* more *Time* in ſpeaking of the *loſſe* of *Time* to no end; I will here, as it is high *Time*, make an End.

Books

Books lately printed, and ſold by *Thomas Johnſon* at the *Golden-Key* in Saint *Pauls* Church-yard.

LExicon *Anglo-Latino-Græcum Novi Teſtimenti*, or a compleat Alphabetical Concordance of all the words of the New Teſtament, with their ſeveral ſignifications, Etymons, and Derivations, by *A. Symſon*, in *Folio*.

Eliſe, or Innocency guilty, A new *Romance* tranſlated into *Engliſh*, by *Jo. Jenning*, in *Fol.*

The *Luſiad* of *Portugal* an Heroick Poem, by Sir *Richard Fanſhaw* Knight, in *Fol.*

Trigonometry, or the Doctrine of Triangles, by the famous Mathematician Mr. *Will. Oughtred*, in 4°.

Hiſtoria Quinq; — Articularis, or a Declaration of the Judgement of the Weſtern Churches, and more particularly, of the Church of *England*, in the five controverted Points reproach-

reproached in these last times by the name of *Arminianism*, by Dr. *Peter Heylin*, in *Quarto*.

Mr. *Richard Baxter*'s Apology, in *Quarto*.

The Beauty of Magistracy, or an Exposition of the 82. *Psalm*, by Mr. *Thomas Hall*, B. D. Pastor of the Church at *Kings Norton*, in *Quarto*.

The Open Door for mans approach to God, or, a Vindication of the Record of God concerning the extent of the Death of Christ in it's Object, by *John Horn*, Minister of the Word at *Lin-Regis*, in *Quarto*.

A Collection of several Sermons preached upon solemn occasions, by the late Learned, and Reverend Dr. *Holdsworth*, in *Quarto*.

The *English Parnassus*, or a help to *English* Poesie, containing a short Institution of that Art, a Collection of all Rhyming Monosyllables, the choisest Epithetes and Phrases, with some general Forms upon all Occasions, Subjects, and Theams, alphabetically digested, by *Joshuah Pool*, Master of Arts, of *Clare-Hall*, *Cambridge*, in *Octavo*.

The History of the *French Academy*,

demy, erected at *Paris*, by the late famous Cardinal *Richelieu*, and consisting of the most refined wits of that Nation, written in *French* by Mr. *Paul Pelisson*, Councellour, and Secretary to the King of *France*.

The Birth of a day, or a Treatise of the Vicissitude of all sublunary things, by *John Robinson*, Master of Arts, &c.

The Triumph and Unity of Truth, in two Treatises, intended as a Preservative against the many Errours and Divisions of these times, in point of Religion, by the same Authour.

A View of the Jewish Religion, setting forth the Rites, Manners, and Customes of the Jewish Nation: written in Latin by the learned *Buxtorfius*, and made *English* by *A,R.*

A Treatise of Self-Denial, by Mr. *Theophilus Pole-wheel*, Minister of the VVord at *Tiverton*, in *Devon*.

Mount-Ebal levelled, or Redemption from the Curse by Jesus Christ, &c. by *Elkanah Wale*, Minister of *Pudsey* in *Yorkshire*.

A discourse of the Object and Office of Faith, as justifying, distinct

ſtinct from other Objects, Acts, and Offices of the ſame Faith, as Sanctifying, by *Jo. Warner*, Maſter of Arts,&c. in *Octavo*.

A Vindication of the Lords Prayer, as a Formal Prayer, and by Chriſts Inſtitution, to be uſed by Chriſtians, as a Prayer, by *Meric Caſaubon*, D. D.

A Treatiſe of the Covenant of Grace, by *R. Bidwell*, B. D.

A Treatiſe of Spiritual Infatuation, being the preſent viſible diſeaſe of the *Engliſh* Nation, deliver'd in ſeveral Sermons at the *Hague*, by *W. Stamp*, D. D. ſometimes Miniſter of the Word at *Stepney*, near *London*.

Chriſt, a Chriſtians only Gain, in ſeveral Sermons, by Mr. *Rich. Vines*.

The Myſtery of Faith opened: in ſeveral Sermons, by Mr. *Andrew Gray*, late Miniſter of *Glaſcow*, in *Scotland*.

The Fear of God and the King, in a Sermon preached at *Mercers* Chappel, 25 *March*, 1660. by *M. Griffith*, D.D. To which is added a brief account of the cauſe, and beginning of our late VVars.

Lux Mercatoria, Arithmetick, Natural

at the *Golden-key* in *Pauls* &c.

Natural and Decimal, by Mr. *Noah Bridges* of *Putney*.

The Art of Short-writing, in the moſt exact, plain, eaſie, and ſwift Method, by *Tho. Radcliff*, of *Plymouth*.

The Cabbinet Councill, or Maxims of State, collected by Sir *Walter Raleigh*.

Ariſtippus, A diſcourſe concerning the Court, by *Monſieur de Balſac*.

FINIS.